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## A HOME FOR ALL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"And every man went unto his own house."—John vii., 53.

The king unto his palace pressed
Returneth from the throne;—
The noble to his castle home,
The peasant to his cottage door,
The monk to cloister cell.

The soldier hasteth to his camp,
The sailor dares the deep,
The traveler spreads his tent at night
That fleeths the forest-gnaw with white,
And wraith in shelter sleeps.

The Greenland hunter scoops a cell
Beneath mountainous snows,
The son of Afric to his kraal,
The Indian to his wigwam frail
With cane-like reed tree gnaw.

The eagle leaveth his eyrie cliff,
The lion loves his lair,
The beaver builds his lodge of rest,
Frees have holes, and birds their nest,
Where dwell the housetops?—Where?

There is a mansion free to all,
Whereso men are travel'y away,
Even those who ne'er had home before,
Are welcome through its outlook's door
To rest in, and stay.

We be of girt the longest pay,
In time expedient hour,
To that fair mansion, reared white
Deep grave mark applicant the right
Of membership and power.

No gorgeous colors the boarder wear,
No paintings deck the wall,
In bath-ill revelry for night.
No casement fair wash space'n ight,
No starry comfit, or beech shone bright,
Yet,—in the house for all.

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## ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR,

## THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

### A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW GABRIEL'S MEDICINE WORKED.

The nurse entered the sick-chamber after Barker had left it, and having looked carefully around, she took the phial of medicine from the side-board and held it up between her eye and the light. She shook her head with a meaning expression, and then looked about her. There were a number of wine-bottles upon the board, and into one of these she poured the contents of the phial. Then she rinsed the latter out, and having filled it partly up with water, she put it back where she had found it. Having done this, she sat down by the bed and sternly afterwards the invalid awoke with a start.

"Albert!" she cried, gazing quickly about, like one in a trance, and then sinking back upon her pillow, murmuring, as she did so—

"Oh! 'twas only a dream."

"What have you been dreaming about?" asked the nurse.

"Nothing," replied Rosalind, faintly. "But oh! 'twas a pleasant dream."

"I thought you said you had been dreaming of nothing?"

"You misunderstood me, I could understand."

"Don't be too sure of that. But tell me—do you feel your mind strong now?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean do you feel that your thoughts are clear, and that you could control yourself if it was for your interest so to do?"

"My mind is clear," replied Rosalind, wondering what her nurse meant.

"Then keep still. Look—but make no noise."

As the woman thus spoke she removed the green spectacles, and lifted the veil from her face.

"Mercy!" gasped Rosalind, starting to her elbow, and gazing into the face before her. Those great black eyes were not to be mistaken—nor was that glossy raven hair. The dole of paint upon the brow and cheeks could no longer hide those well-known features.

"Jane Hart, dear Jane!"

"Not so loud, Rose," whispered the true-hearted girl, bending over the bed, and placing one hand beneath the invalid's neck, and kissing her upon the cheek. "I am here with you—here to help you all I can. I have been with you through most of your sickness. And you have not mistrusted me?"

"No," said Rose. She gazed a while into Jane's face, and then added: "Oh! I am so glad you are here. I have feared I should see a friend never again. But how did you find me? How did you gain admission here?"

"Let me fix my hair and glasses, and I will tell you all about it. I must not be caught unprepared."

She went to the glass, and when she had re-adjusted her disguise, she returned to her seat.

"Don't talk any more than you can help," she said, "for you will need all your strength. I will explain what so much puzzles you, in a very few words. In the first place, I resolved to keep my eye on you, if the thing were possible, from the moment you told me your story. I knew that you were being deceived. I knew that the Colonel Barker, of whom you told me, could not be dead."

"But how did you know that?" asked Rosalind, in surprise.

"I knew it from the answers you gave me to the questions I asked of you. One circumstance alone made it all clear to me. You remember you told me that the gentleman you went to two other times to see was now reached the one in which he found you, on the morning after you fled from his home?"

"Yes."

"And you told me you returned with him at set for from six o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Then he must have started out in quest of you very early. At any rate, it must have been so early that he could have had no time to have found the dead body, and called in the officers; much less to have had a coroner's inquest held upon it. Only think of it. You see the thing would have been a simple impossibility. Is it a wonder to me that you did not see it?"

"Oh—I was so frightened—so worried—so utterly terrified, that I thought of nothing. But I see it now—I see it now."

"I would have told you of my suspicions on board the boat; but I could not have helped you then, and I should only have given you new alarms; so I determined to watch you. I felt as though I could give up my very life for your good; and I forgot more than half of my own sorrows in my care for you. Did you see me standing by the little trail-rail as you rode away from the boat?"

"Yes."

"I thought you did. But, at all events, I saw you, and I followed you. I had some difficulty in keeping up with the coach, but I managed to do it. I saw you hot into this house, and I succeeded in obtaining a room in the house directly opposite. I watched until I saw you were going to remain a while, and then I procured this disguise. I worked at my face with paint until I did not know myself, and then ventured over here. I first hired a room of Mrs. Lurkis, and very soon afterwards found out that you were sick. I offered to nurse you for my board, and Mr. Barker engaged me, as the lessons could not spare the time to be with you; and now I wish to help you all I can. Is there anything now that should prevent you from going with Albert Yarmouth? he should come for you?"

"No, no. Oh, thank God, nothing!"

"Then suppose I write to him at once?"

"Will you? Can you?"

"Of course I can."

"Then, in heaven's name, do so. Oh, do so, and I will bless you forever!"

"I will do it this very evening, and have the letter ready to go off in the morning. I will tell him all about you—I will tell him just where you are—I will tell him to come at once. Shall I direct it in Boston?"

"No, to Malden."

"Very well. Now keep still and rest. You are fatigued—faint?"

"Oh, I feel a great deal better, Jane—a great deal better than I did before."

"And you will feel better still if you are careful. There—now rest a while."

"But my medicine."

"Never mind that now. It's past the time. Here—take some of this. This is for strengthening you. There—now rest."

A long while did Rosalind gaze upon that red face and those green spectacles; but they looked cheerful to her now, for she knew of the warm and generous heart that sent the life-blood coursing beneath them. She knew that a devoted friend was near her, though she knew not then how much she needed that friend. She felt some appetite for supper—the first she had felt since receiving her sorrows—and ate some light toast. She slept well during the night, and while she slept her nurse wrote the promised letter.

In the morning Gabriel Barker came in, and found Rosalind still sleeping.

"How is she?" he asked of the nurse.

THE PRISONER.

"I don't know, sir," Jane replied, with some hesitation. She cast her eyes towards the window, and in a moment more added: "she now confesses by. Something seems to hurt her."

"She has taken her medicine regularly, hasn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. I have seen the doctor this morning, but he was too busy to come up. He told me that we must just double the dose of this medicine." And Mr. Barker took up the large phial, and then set it down again. "You will remember this?"

"Yes, sir."

The man then turned to the side-board, and poured a tumbler full of wine from the bottle he had sent for on the day before.

"Not that!" the nurse cried, starting up.

"What's the matter?" asked Barker, tossing off the wine, and wiping his lips.

"I thought—you had——"

"Thought what, woman?"

"That you had taken some of the girl's medicine."

"Nonsense!" And as he said this he set down the tumbler, and left the room.

The nurse then watched Barker, Jane Lilies took back into her chair, and murmured half-formed words to herself.

"What's the matter?" asked the invalid, who had been aroused by the movements which had been made in the room.

"Nothing—nothing," returned the nurse, "look-ing."

"I thought I heard you cry out as though you were frightened at something."

"I was only thinking—kind of day-dreaming—to myself."

"Wasn't it he here?"

"Do you mean Barker?"

"Yes."

"Yes—he just went out. He came to see how you got along."

"Did you tell him I was better?"

"I told him you were improved, and after pondering a while, continued—"Listen, Rose; you must help me to deceive him for a short time. I told him that something seemed to have gone wrong with you. I gave him to understand that you were worse; and I want you to help me make them think so."

"But why is this?" asked the invalid, with a look of horror.

"Why—I am going to put your letter into the office this morning. It may be a week before your friends can get it, and come on here for you. Now I fear that this wretch means to—save you as soon as possible."

"Where?" cried Rosalind, with a terrified start.

"Hush—hush! But if you remain very weak and sick, of course he won't do it. Don't you understand?"

"Yes."

"And won't you help me?"

"Yes—I must. It will not hurt my conscience to practice such a deception."

"It is merely an act of self-preservation," added Jane. "But I must go now and dispose of the letter. I will tell Mrs. Lurkis that you are awake; and if she comes up you must remember that you are in a weak state."

"I will not forget," returned the invalid.

Jane had reached the door with the letter, and had finally turned back.

"If they offer you any medicine before I come back, tell them I gave it to you?"

"Why—will the medicine hurt me?"

"I think it keeps you weak. I must find something to strengthen you. You won't take it, will you?"

Rosalind said she would not, and her nurse then left. She had been gone but a few minutes when Gabriel Barker entered.

"Ah—you are awake, are you?" he said, advancing to the bedside. "How do you feel this morning?"

He remembered what she had promised Jane, and she said she did not feel so well.

"What's the matter? How do you feel?" asked Barker, quickly, and with eagerness.

"I am faint."

"Are the medicine is for the relief of pain," the villain replied, turning to the side-board and taking the large phial. "I will give you some."

"No, no—the nurse gave it to me just before she went out, and I am afraid it makes me feel weak."

"Do you feel it now?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"It gives me pain."

"Then I'll have some other kind fixed for you as soon as the doctor comes. We must not have you feeling back now."

Just as Barker ceased speaking, Mrs. Lurkis opened the door and informed him that there was some one below who wished to see him. He stopped at the side-board and took a glass of wine, and then followed the hostess down stairs. In the parlor he found Thomas Gordon.

"I have come down early," said the broker, after they had shaken hands, "because I was anxious to learn how you passed was."

"I think things are working well. There's one thing, however," Barker added, with a meaning look, "I'm afraid her medicine don't agree with her."

"Ah—that is bad," returned Gordon. "How does it work?"

"Why—I just left her, and she seems to be in much pain. She had taken some of her medicine only a short time before."

"I hope it won't hurt her very much," said the broker, with a wish.

"O—I guess there's no danger of that. Here is one of those extreme cases in which the most unmary course needs to be pursued. No ordinary medicine will reach it. With her it must be either one thing, however," Barker added, with much concern;

morning on which I told you not to take any medicine from other hands than mine?"

"Yes."

"Well—on the day before a man came and inquired for Gabriel Barber, and they went into the parlor to confer together. I heard your name mentioned, and I determined to listen. There is a crack in the folding-doors, so I only had to get into the back parlor to hear everything they said. Barber had become tired of taking care of you. He said you would never be his wife—that he could not subdue you—and that as soon as you got well there would be danger of your running away from him, and exposing his wickedness. Their conversation after that was carried on with hidden meaning, but I very soon discovered that you were to be hurried off as quickly as possible. Some hours after that Barber came to this room. You were asleep, and he sent me away, saying that he would watch for you awhile. He asked very particularly what medicine you were to take, and I saw by his wicked look and nervous manner, that he was up to the deepest kind of mischief. He bade me tell Mrs. Lurkin to send him up a bottle of wine, and I went out and did my errand.

"Not long afterwards he came down and sent me back to you. I came, and the first thing I did was to examine your medicine. I found a white sediment at the bottom of the phial which was not there before, and I knew that he had put poison into it! There were several wine-bottles upon the side-board and into one of them I poured the contents of the phial, intending to empty it into the slop-pail when it came up on the next morning. The next morning came, and Barber was here again. He had come to see how his medicine had worked. I told him you were worse; and you will remember that I urged you to say the same thing. As he turned to leave the room he stopped at the sideboard and poured out a glass of wine. I remembered then of the wine he had bade me to have sent up, and I saw that he had taken a tumbler full from the very bottle into which I had poured the medicine. I started forward, and cried out for him not to drink it; but he had it down ere I could prevent it; and when he asked me what I meant, I told him I thought he was drinking your medicine. He went away; and when I was gone I think he must have come back and drank more of it."

"He did!" uttered Rosalind. "He came to see me after you had gone—it was the last time I saw him. Mrs. Lurkin came and told him that some one wished to see him, and as he went out he stopped and drank from the bottle."

"And so he died from the very agent which he had prepared for your destruction!" said Jane, impressively. "I may have been the means of shifting the fatal result from your shoulders to his; but I feel no blame in the matter. I cannot help thinking that a power greater than mine directed the event."

During this recital Rosalind had been deeply moved, but she had regained her thoughts by the time it was closed, and she remembered that another, beside Barber, had been engaged in the plot.

"Who was the man with whom he was conversing on that morning?" she asked.

"The same who bought your ticket for you on board the steamboat at Troy!"

"My uncle?"

"Yes."

"*Mercy!*" the frightened girl ejaculated. "*Does he mean to kill me? Oh! my soul!*"

"Listen," said Jane, moving her chair close to Rosalind's side, and laying her hand upon her shoulder. "Be not alarmed. If you are wise you have nothing to fear. I know your uncle's intentions, and you may rest assured that I will remain by you to the end. Our letter has been gone a week, and your friends may be here before any further steps are taken by your enemy."

Rosalind caught her companion's hand, and as her eyes filled with tears she sank forward upon Jane's bosom.

"You have been an angel to me, Jane," she murmured. "You have saved my life—you have saved more than life—you have saved my very soul—and you have changed my deep agony into light and hope. Oh! I love you—I love you, Jane! I love you very much. I love you as a sister—as my best friend."

Jane Lillon kissed the fair girl upon the cheek, and having wiped the tears from her own face, she said—

"I think you do love me, Rosa. My own love for you bids me believe it. If I have helped you, you have helped me no less. Ah, you do not know what I might have now been had I not found you. I dare not think of it. Your sweet words, and sweeter soul, have changed my whole being. But we will talk of that at some other time. I told you I knew your uncle's intentions."

"Has he told them to you?" asked Rosalind.

"Partly; and a part I have gained by overhearing him in conversation with himself. He has a habit of thinking aloud when he is alone, and of arguing a question as though he were in two halves, each proposing and advising with the other. He trusts me without doubt. I have made him think that I care no more for you than I do for any one else, and that my only aim is, to support myself as best I can. He thinks I have come down to this place from a life of sin and shame in the great city."

Rosalind still held Jane by the hand, and gazed inquiringly into her face.

"You know what he means to do?" she said.

"Yes. He means to take you with him to Boston. He dares not leave you here, and he has not quite heart enough to kill you; though he is angry enough because his accomplice's fiendish attempt did not succeed. And still, from what I have heard him say, I am sure he is glad Barber is dead. It has freed him from some obligation. He does not mean to remain in Boston long, however—only long enough to finish up some particular business and then he intends to leave that section of country forever."

"And take me with him," added Rosalind.

"No—I think not. I think he means to keep you fast until he is ready to leave the country, and then let you shift for yourself as you please. His only object seems to be, to keep you from your friends until after he is clear."

"Oh, what a heart he must have!" cried Rosalind, in tones of anguish. "If I had ever wronged him—if I had ever harmed him in any way——"

"Don't waste such thoughts upon him," interrupted Jane. "You might as well wonder at the ferocity of a panther. He has reason for his villainy, and you may be assured that no sense of right can influence him. But don't be alarmed. Your friends may come before he moves further. But if they do not, you have one friend who will not forsake you. I will not lose sight of you till you are safe."

At this point the tea-bell rang, and Jane went down to get her patient's supper. When Rosalind was left alone she was for awhile completely overwhelmed by the strange things she had heard. But, when she became more calm, and her thoughts flowed somewhat freely, the death of Barber and the villainy of her uncle gave place to the image of the devoted friend who had so fortunately crossed her path.

"She seems like a sister to me," she said to herself. "There should be a bond of union between us more strong than mere friendship. Her very fate seems cast with mine. Oh! God grant that the hour which sets me free may bring joy and gladness to her!"

Rosalind had just uttered this prayer when Jane entered with the tea-tray.

"You've been weeping, Rosa, dear."

"Then it must have been with gratitude, Jane—for I have only been praying for you."

"You have? What—now?"

"Yes—as you came up the stairs."

"And I was praying for you at the same time."

"God grant that both our prayers may be answered," said Rosalind, fervently.

And Jane Lillon answered—

"AMEN!"

* * * * * * *

On the following morning Jane entered Rosalind's room with a nervous, hurried step, and with a look of anxiety upon her painted face. She closed the door behind her, and then sat down by her friend's side.

"Don't speak too loud, Rosa," she said, with some tremulousness in her voice. "Your uncle is below. He has discharged me, and paid me off, and is now settling with Mrs. Lurkin."

"And does he mean to take me away now?" cried Rosalind, in terror.

"Yes—but do not fear. Do not refuse to go with him. He will have some story all planned to tell you, and you must profess to trust and believe him. It will be your safest way. Do not let him know that you have heard anything about Barber's death."

"But are you sure he is going to Boston?"

"Yes. But if he should not I will watch his movements. He has given me fifty dollars, and I am well aware that he meant the greater part of it as the price of my secrecy. But he shall be disappointed in that. I took the money for you. I knew it belonged to you, and for you I will use it."

Rosalind tried to speak, but she was too much confused to express her feelings coherently. She seized her companion by the hand, and bent her brow upon it.

"He may be up here soon," resumed Jane, "and you must remember what I have said. You will go with him."

"Yes."

"And you will keep your own counsel?"

"Yes."

"Then all may be well. Let him take you where he will, I will hang upon your track until you are free."

"And must we part so soon? Oh, Jane—you do not know how dark and drear——"

"Hush, Rosa. You must not talk so. You are weeping, too. This will never answer. Your uncle may suspect us if he finds you so moved. Remember that the peace and joy of a life-time may be at stake in the next hour. Nerve yourself for the task, and remember my promise. There—I must go now. I must not be seen here, for he thinks I should see you no more. Remember.—Courage, now. So.—Good-bye. God be with you!"

"And with you!—and bless you!" cried Rosalind, as Jane kissed her, and hurried from the room.

As soon as she could collect her scattered thoughts Rosalind started from her chair and began to pace the floor; and when she finally heard a heavy tread upon the stairs she had become quite calm. There came a knock upon her door, and as she opened it Thomas Gondam stepped in and caught her by the hand.

"My dear Rosa," he cried, with astonishing vehemence, "I have found you at length. Oh—how long and how anxiously I have sought for you. Where is that rascally fellow?—that Barber? Have you seen him? Did he reveal himself to you?"

"Yes," replied the girl, sinking into a chair from extreme agitation.

"Then you saw him, and knew him," pursued Gondam, in the same vehement tone. "O, how that wretch deceived me. And that accursed pawnbroker helped him in the wicked plan. I thought he was dead—I was made to believe that you had killed him. But it was not so. I am thankful for that. And yet, it is a wonder that I did not recognize him through his disguise. Michael Ludder sent him to me as one who would make a faithful servant. I did not mistrust him until after he gave me the slip at Troy. But where is the rascal now?"

"I have not seen him for over a week," answered Rosalind, with a calmness and assurance which even surprised herself. She was astounded by the utter recklessness with which her uncle lied to her, but the promise of Jane Lillon gave her great hope.

"Then he must have seen me, and fled from the city," resumed Gondam. "I have been searching for you ever since I lost you. But, thank God, I have found you at length; and you shall now return with me to your house and your friends. There can be no danger now in showing yourself where you please. O, how they did deceive me!"

The broker sat down, and wiped his face with his pockethandkerchief.

"You have been sick, dear Rosalind," he continued, after a pause.

"I have been very sick, uncle."

"But you are better now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well enough to go back to Boston at once?"

"Yes."

"You have had a faithful nurse?"

Rosalind saw that his eyes were fixed upon her with a searching look, and she remembered herself as she answered.

"She was attentive, sir; and did the best she could; but I think she is an unfortunate woman. I should not wish to have her remain here with me if I could find a better one."

"Never mind. You'll want no more nurses here. I think we had better start this very day. What think you?"

"I am willing to go at any time."

"But you do not seem so anxious—so joyful—as I had thought you would, Rosa. Do you not realize that you are going back to your friends?"

"Alas!" answered the maiden, "if you had suffered what I have suffered you would not find it so easy to feel joyful over any promise of earth."

"Do you doubt me, my dear?"

"No, no—not that. But I am not strong yet. I have not recovered from those terrible fears that haunted me when I came here. No—I beg, I pray, you, to take me back. I will go with you to-day. I will go even now."

"Good!" cried the broker, starting up from his chair. "You may prepare at once. I will send the landlady up at once, to help you." And with this the broker left the apartment.

In two hours from that time Rosalind entered a carriage, and Thomas Gondam took a seat by her side. Words of hope and cheer were upon his false tongue, but she made no reply to them. She was watching for something else. As the coach was turning the first corner, at the entrance of the narrow street from which they had come, she saw a female standing in the doorway of a small grocery. A hand was waved towards her, and as she saw the green spectacles and the red hair, she felt a hopeful assurance that she was not entirely at the mercy of the serpent that had coiled himself up so near her.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### HEMMED IN!

It was early in the morning when Thomas Gondam and Rosalind reached the city of Boston, and a coach was at once taken for Prince street. When they arrived at the house our heroine was ushered into the kitchen, and there Gondam bade her remain while he went for his "wife."

"She is stopping with a neighbor," he said, as he turned to go out. "It is only a few steps. You can take your things off, and, by the time you get fairly set down I'll be back; and then we'll have some breakfast."

The broker took his way down towards the bridge, and when he stopped it was at the entrance of a large tenement house, before the door of which a lot of children were playing. They were dirty and ragged, and some of them half naked.

"Is Dolly Midget at home?" he asked, working his way towards the steps.

"She's in her room," answered a little girl, who had come into the street just as she came from her bed.

"Then show me the way."

"I will if ye'll gi' me a cent, mister," was the ready response.

"You shall have the cent as soon as you show me to her door."

The girl hurried up the steps, into a dirty hall, and up a dirtier staircase, and after passing several doors she stopped before the one which she said belonged to Dolly Midget.

"Go in, and see if she's up," said Gondam.

The girl said she would do so for another cent, and upon the man's promise that she should have such remuneration, she opened the door and went in; and when she came back she said Dolly was up, and he might come in. Her visitor gave her two pennies, and then entered the room. It was scantily furnished, and, like the hall and stairs, dirty as need be. The occupant was a woman past the middle age; tall and stout; with a bloated, evil look; unwashed and uncombed.

"Hi! is this you, Mr. Gondam?" she cried, as her visitor shut the door behind him. "How did ye follow me here?"

"O—I heard that you had moved here."

"And do you have the collection of the rents here? Ye know I used to pay up right at the old place, but times is changed now. They is awful dull, Mr. Gondam."

"I am not after rent money, Dolly."

"Oho!—I thought ye never poked 'round like this only when ye wanted money. I know we all used to say, when we'd see you a comin', 'Here comes the drummer.' 'Twere n't no disrespect to you, Mr. Gondam; only we know'd the money 'd got to come some how. But times is awful."

"I have nothing to do with collecting the rents of this place, Dolly, nor of any other place, now. I have come on another business. Could you spare me your time for two or three days, if I should need it so long?"

"Ah, Mr. Gondam, that I can. For a bit of your money I'd give ye all the time ye want. Only I'd rather ye'd count it by months than by days—aye, and by years, for the matter o' that."

"I shall only want you a day or two, Dolly; but I'll pay you well. And I'll tell you, to begin with, just what I want of you. I have a girl at my house whom I must keep as closely as possible there for a short time. All I want of you is, to provide her with food, and see that she does not leave her room."

"I can do that, sir, and ask no questions."

"I know you can, Dolly, and for that reason I came to you. I give you my solemn pledge that the girl is not to be injured, but only kept from sight till I can let her go with safety. If you will come, and do your duty faithfully, you shall have—say, ten dollars."

"I'faith, Mr. Gondam, you can depend upon me. When shall I come?"

"Right off. You know my house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come at once. Get ready as soon as you can. I will go, and wait in the yard until you come. You won't be many minutes?"

"Not five, sir. I'll just wash me face a bit, and comb me hair a bit, and then I'll be after ye."

The broker left the place, and walked slowly back towards his house, and ere he had been in his yard three minutes Dolly Midget was with him. She followed him into the house, and he sent her into the parlor while he went to see Rosalind.

"Now, my dear child," he said, with a bland smile, "you may follow me. I will show you to a chamber where you can feel at home till we can get ready to go out to Malden. My wife will be in shortly."

Rosalind followed him without a word, though her heart fluttered with a vague fear as she did so. He led the way up stairs, into a large chamber, and through this into a smaller one beyond, in the back part of the house, from which there was no way of egress but through the former apartment.

"There, my child," the broker said, "I may as well tell you the truth, first as last. But be under no apprehension, for I mean you no harm. You must remain here two or three days, and during that time you will be kept close. After that you will be set at liberty, and allowed to go where you please. I need only tell you that my interest requires this. Now ask me no questions, for I will answer none. My wife is dead; but I have engaged a woman who will attend to all your wants. Remember—it will be only for a few days; and then, if you have remained quiet, and peaceable, you shall be set at liberty, and allowed to go where you please."

Rosalind was not at all astonished, for she had a foreshadowing of all this from Jane Lillon. She believed that the man spoke truly now, and that he only wished to get himself clear from the country.

"I think I understand you, sir," she said, with a cold, icy calmness.

"And you will remain quiet here, will you?"

"I will do anything, sir, so that in the end I escape this thraldom with my life and honor."

"Egad! I had not thought you would be so submissive."

"I am studying my own interests, sir. I have struggled long enough. I will wait now till there is need of opposition ere I waste my strength again."

"You are wise, I must confess. But you may trust me this time. You shall be free as the air you breathe in less time than four-and-eighty hours."

With this Gondam left the apartment, and ere long afterwards Dolly Midget made her appearance. Rosalind gazed up into the woman's face, and she saw at once that her captor had engaged a fitting keeper for his purpose. She instinctively shrank from the foul presence, but she did not feel that terror which such a face would have inspired a few short weeks before.

"I s'pose ye know what I've come here for, don't ye?" remarked Dolly, with her arms akimbo, and her head thrown over upon one side.

"Yes—I know very well," returned Rosalind. "But if you apprehend any trouble on my account, you are mistaken. I shall be very quiet, and only look to you for my food."

"Ye ain't a-woolin' me, are ye, miss?" said Dolly, with a dubious look into the girl's face.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Rosalind, whose only wish was to have as little of this woman's company as possible.

"Why—it's plain English, ain't it? I mean, ye ain't a-foolin' me."

"No—by no means. I mean just what I say."

"Well—I'm glad o' that. But still I shall keep an eye on ye, my dear. Ye can't leave this room withou tmy knowin' it. Mind that. And now I'll go and get yer breakfast."

The day passed away, and though Dolly Midget was regular in serving the meals, and constantly on the watch, yet she gave the prisoner but little of her company. When it came night, and she had seen her charge safely asleep, she made up her own bed upon the floor, just outside of Rosalind's door.

The journey from New York had not weakened our heroine, but it rather seemed to have benefitted her. She slept well through the night, and arose with a good appetite. But now she began to look for Jane Lillon, and as the second day dragged slowly away, she wondered if any accident could have befallen her friend. She had no tangible fears as yet, but she could not feel so hopefully on the second night of her durance as she had felt before. Still she prayed with a fervent, trusting spirit, and resolved that she would wait for the time which her uncle had set ere she allowed her fears to take the lead of hope.

In the mean time Thomas Gondam was busy. He had had some conversation with a man about the purchase of his books and furniture before he went to New York, and the sale was now effected without difficulty. The broker pretended that he was going West, and he offered all his personal property at so low a figure, that the individual with whom he had been bargaining paid the cash, and took a bill of sale of the whole.

As soon as Gondam had left Rosalind, after he had returned with Miss Midget, he went down to the wharf and engaged passage on board a Liverpool packet. This was on Saturday, and the vessel was to sail on the following Monday, at four o'clock in the afternoon. After this the broker went to a joiner's shop, and ordered a strong, stout chest made. He said it was to carry stereotype plates in, and it must be very securely put together and fastened. He gave the dimensions, and the joiner promised to deliver it at his house by dark.

The rest of the day Gondam spent in fixing up such matters of business as he could conveniently attend to, and when night came, he returned to his house just in season to meet the man who had brought his strong chest. He paid for it, and then took it up into his private room. At midnight he examined the shutters to see if they were close, and when he had locked his door and stopped the key-hole, he commenced an important work. He removed the old board from the floor, and took out the bags of gold, one by one, and packed them away in the chest. He stowed paper and rags around each bag, and took all the precaution he could devise to prevent the pieces from chinking and rattling. It was near morning when his work was fairly done, and having fastened up the strong box, he went away and slept a little while.

The ensuing day was Sunday, and Thomas Gondam remained within the house. He had the outer doors all fastened, and gave Dolly orders to answer no knock that might be given. He wanted to see no one, nor did he want any one to know that he was at home. His plan was near its consummation, and he would soon be free from all danger. With a fortune sufficient for all his wants, he could find a home in the Old World, where there would be none to molest him, or make him afraid. To all whom he had spoken with upon the subject, he had said that he was going first to New York, and from there further west. The recent death of his wife gave sufficient reason for his wish to move, and none doubted him. He had engaged his passage under an assumed name, so that there could be no danger of discovery in that quarter.

So pondered the broker, as he worried through the long, tedious Sabbath. Monday morning came, and he went and engaged a cartman to come and get his baggage at twelve o'clock. He had but little business left to do, and before noon he was ready to start. He called Dolly Midget down, and paid her the sum he had promised, in gold.

"And now," said he, "you can do all the rest without me. At four o'clock this afternoon you may let the girl go. You know where the old stage office is in Elm street?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dolly, still regarding her gold with sparkling eyes.

"Then I wish you would show the girl up there, and see her safely staged for Malden. Will you do this?"

"I will, sir."

"But mind—you will keep her here until the clock strikes four."

"Never fear, sir. It shall all be done as you have said. Ye needn't have the least bit of alarm. It isn't Dolly Midget that would run the risk of harmin' the prospects of the gentleman that pays her as you do."

"That's right, Dolly. I shall trust you. Ah! there's the man for my trunks. I am off as soon as I get them loaded. If any one asks for me, just say that I have gone to New York."

Dolly promised, and then the broker went to the door, where he found his cartman waiting. He led the way up stairs first, and said he would have the new chest taken down and loaded before the trunks were put on.

"Thunder!" uttered the stout laborer, as he lifted at his end of the chest. "What ye got in here?"

"They are stereotype plates," returned Gondam.

"What's them?"

"They are plates of metal for printing books. They're like lead."

"I should think they was," retorted the man, tugging away under his half of nearly five hundred pounds. "By thunder! gold couldn't be much heavier."

"I wish it was gold," said Gondam.

"And I wish you couldn't eat till you gin me half of it."

The broker made a sort of laughing reply, and then they tugged away. After a while they got it down the stairs, and into the hall, and were stopping to rest, when some one knocked at the front door.

"Here!" whispered Gondam, pulling the cartman by the sleeve. "It is somebody on business, and I have no time to spare. Let's go into the kitchen, and I'll send the woman to tell them I'm not at home."

But before Mr. Gondam could make arrangements for carrying out this little bit of deception the door was unceremoniously opened, and in walked Michael Ludder.

"Ah, Tom, me old boy,—moving, eh?" said the pawnbroker, as he closed the door behind him, and cast his eye upon the box and trunks.

"No—not yet," stammered Gondam. "I am just going a little ways—to carry some goods. I am coming back next day after to-morrow. I am in a hurry now, Michael. You can call on me when I come back."

"But that won't do, Tom. I'm in as great a hurry as you are. I won't detain you long."

"Not now," urged Gondam, trembling with agitation. "I tell you I have not the time. You can see me again."

"And I must see you now. Shall I do my business here, or will you step into this room?"

The broker hesitated but for a moment. He saw that his visitor was determined, and he must yield. So he turned to the cartman, and bade him load on the trunks, and wait for him to come and help him with the box. Then he opened the way to the parlor, and went in, closing the door behind him after the pawnbroker had entered.

"Now, Ludder," he cried, in an angry, impatient tone, "what do you want?"

"I've just come on a matter of business, Tom," replied Michael, taking a seat close by the door.

"Then out with it, quick, for I must be off. I shall be back in a day or two."

"Look ye, Tom Gondam," said the visitor, with a wink and a nod, "when folks start off with the intention of coming back in a day or two, they ain't apt to mark their trunks to go *by a Liverpool packet!* Eh—how's that?"

"Those trunks—a—they have nothing to do with me. I'm merely sending them for another man," stammered the broker, growing more uneasy and excited.

"Well," returned Ludder, with perfect composure, but with a very wicked look in his crooked eyes, "let it be as you say. I'm sure I don't want to dispute ye. You may go where you please—only attend to my business first."

"And what is your business?"

Gondam sank into a seat as he spoke, for he trembled too much to stand any longer.

"As you're in a hurry, Tom," said Michael, with that wicked look growing still more wicked, "I'll come right to the point. I know you're goin' off for good.——O—ye needn't deny it, 'cause I know it. I say ye're goin' off for good."

"Well—suppose I am?"

"That's it. That's just what I am supposin'. And now I'll come to the next hitch. I know ye made somethin' handsome out o' that gal scrape—"

"'Sdeath!" cried Gondam, leaping from his chair and bringing his fists together, "do you harp upon that, villain? Do you come in the hope of bleeding me more?"

"Tut, tut, Tom. Be calm now, and listen to reason. I know you're in a hurry, and I don't want to detain you one minute longer than I can help. I may never see you again,—so give me three thousand dollars as a parting gift, and away you go, free from all danger and trouble. What say you?"

"Death and destruction! Do you take me for a fool? Out of my way and let me pass!"

Gondam drew a stout dagger from his bosom, and made a movement towards the door.

"Just one moment," returned the pawnbroker, producing a pistol, and cocking it with a quick motion. "I have come prepared, you see. If that is your game, I am up with you. By my soul of souls, you leave not this house till you have given me three thousand dollars! I know you've got it—and I know I helped you make it."

Gondam put up his dagger, and changed his tone. He seemed to consider the character of the man with whom he had to deal.

"Michael," he said, "you know not how you may be ruining me. I haven't three thousand dollars in the world. Don't detain me any longer. I may lose my passage. I should have been safe aboard my ship by this time if you had not bothered me. I tell you I haven't got the money."

"Stuff! Nonsense! Give me three thousand, and then go."

"How can I?"

"That's for you to say."

"Then I say I can't do it; and there's an end on't."

"Not quite, Tom; for I say you can. And, if you don't, then you don't go on board any ship to-day!"

"Will you stop me?"

"An officer will stop you for me."

"Michael!"

"Don't come that. Give me the money."

"And do you mean that you would break your oath with me, Michael Ludder?"

"Don't talk such nonsense, Tom. Come—I thought you were in a hurry. I know you've got the money. I know you offered Gabriel Barber ten thousand to keep the girl out of the way."

"Did he blab?" cried the broker, with a start.

"Never mind. I know it."

"But—he nearly drained me."

"O—nonsense! He's dead! I saw it in a New York paper. Now, ye see, I've got ye. So hand over."

Again Thomas Gondam carried his hand to his bosom, but he was arrested in his movement by a loud rap upon the front door.

"Death and fury! There's another interruption!" he exclaimed, quivering with mingled fear and rage.

"Shall I go and tell 'em you are not at home?" asked Ludder.

"Yes. Tell them I'm in New York!" And thus speaking, the worried wretch sank down upon the sofa and ground his teeth in an agony of madness.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### "BEGINNING OF THE END."

"Zounds! Tom," cried the pawnbroker, returning from the hall, "we're dished—sewed up—bamboozled—the pair of us!"

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Gondam, starting to his feet.

"Here they come. They wouldn't take no for an answer. They said they know'd ye was here."

As Ludder thus spoke he stepped on one side, and Aaron King, followed by Simon Peter Drake, entered the room. For a moment Thomas Gondam was startled from his senses, but he called all his power of self-control to his aid, and finally managed to speak.

"What seek ye here?" he asked.

"We're come for Rosalind Hubert," returned Mr. King.

"She's not here."

"None o' yoour lyin', ye cussed old snake!" cried Simon. "She was seen to come in here."

"She was seen to come in here on Saturday morning," added King. "The man who keeps

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the store in front here, saw her enter with you. Now bring her to us at once."

"Hold on!" interrupted Simon. "If she's here I'll find her. Just you look out for the snake, while I go and hunt her up."

Goudan would have interfered, but the relative of the solid bibbery staff which the stout farmer carried, kept him back.

"I expect you'll have more visitors soon," Mr. Kling said, after Simon had left.

Goudan looked at his watch, and found it nearly two o'clock.

"Let them come," he uttered, troubling like an augur; "but I cannot stop to see them. I have business."

He was moving towards the door when the pawnbroker interposed his body.

"Not yet, Tom. Rigal, I have you now. More as a stop-factor upon your path to-day."

It was spoken in a tone so low that the farmer did not hear it; but Goudan heard it, and he stopped.

"Curses on you!" he muttered between his clinched teeth. "You shall suffer for this—by my beard's blood, you shall!"

"Not if they find the girl, and tug her off, and then we'll——"

The astonished had spoken than flew when the front door was opened, and in a few moments more Albert Vavrenbale entered the parlor. But he was not alone. Behind him came the old sailor, John Peters. The broker started back against, and turned pale as death.

"Alive!" he gasped, gazing upon the old man with strange eyes.

"Yes, Thomas Goudan," returned Peters, who had caught the word. "Did you think I was dead?"

"I—I—heard so."

"No, no—I am not dead yet; though a base allowance was made upon my life a short time since. Of course you had nothing to do with it."

Mr. Crowd Goudan, trying to look offended, but could not get rid of his terror. "Who told you such an, sir?"

"Not at all, sir—by no means. But—whom have we here?"

It was Honest Peter; and with him came Rosalind. Her color was heightened—hope beamed upon her face—joy had sprung to life in her bright blue eyes—and her entire aspect was that of a creature of new life through her whole system. She looked upon Mr. Goudan—looked upon the old sailor—She looked upon the two men who had done so much to soothe her misfortunes—and then—and then—until she met the gaze of Albert. She heard him pronounce her name—she saw his arms stretched towards her—and with a low cry of joy she sprang forward and fell upon his breast. The young man held fast and free, and her prayers of thanksgiving went forth in sobs and cries.

"Rosalind! Rosalind! My life—my love!—O, look up and tell me that you are safe—that you are free?"

"As free as Heaven is free! Bound only by love, my gratified! Bound to those who have been bound to thee!"

"Oh! I was told on truly, then!" the youth cried; and as he spoke he pressed the loved one more close to his bosom.

The broker glanced down John Peters's cheeks in a flood. He caught Rosalind's hand and kissed it, and then he turned away and wiped his eyes.

Thomas Goudan had watched these movements with varied emotions, but he coolly summoned his old impudence to his aid, and became very sorry—so happy that he should be relieved of Rosalind.

"What is all this mummery about?" he exclaimed. "I have brought this girl back, and had first aid of giving her up to her own keeper; but I may do as I please about that. You act as though you had found something which belonged to you. But, by Heavens! you shall find your mistake! I am Thomas Hildreth's guardian—by sole appointment—and the power does not exist upon earth that can take her from me!"

"How do you know that?" asked Peters, with a sturdy look upon the broker.

Again Goudan met the gaze of those strange eyes, and his impudence forsook him in a moment. He knew something in that expression of power and confounded him. But he had too much at stake to show his weakness with his tongue, so he managed to control himself again. He looked at his watch, and it only wanted five minutes of three.

"Take the girl," he said. "Take her, and let me go. I have digested a project to—New York—important business, and I must be off. I shall lose all if I am detained here. I will call upon you more to do with me if I give up the girl."

"Hold on, Thomas Goudan!" pronounced the old sailor, with a flashing eye. "You will not call to-night. Your curtains has been sent away; and the woman whom you have had locked up——"

"Villain! Meddler——"

"Now! fair-minded Peters, as the broker once termed to have. "I have a story to tell you—a story to tell to stir my love to—Hold on, Mr. Lodder—you may stop and hear it."

"I should be glad to do so," returned the pawnbroker, taking his seat again.

"And now, sir, do you sit down?" continued the old man, speaking his glance to Rosalind.

The villain sank into a chair as though some unseen power had forced him down. He saw that doubtless pale again, though he seemed to be nursing a volcano in his bosom. Upon John Peters he looked with a harrowing dread; and he longed again upon Michael Lodder, to wave a look of hate which was fiendish and terrible to see.

"And that old man has been my friend," while he continued, and she sat by her lover's side on the table.

"He has worked for you without ceasing," replied Albert.

"Who is he?"

"We don't know. But listen. He is going to speak."

As soon as all was still, and Simon Peter had taken up his position at the door, the old sailor commenced:

"Listen to me a few minutes," he said, "and I will explain some things to you which you have long wished to understand. The story which this broker has told of our dear Rosalind's earlier life is all false. He is not her uncle. He is no relation of her mother. Many years ago there lived, not far from this city, a man named Anthony Carper. He was a merchant in foreign trade, and had a partner in Liverpool. His parents both died when he was very young, leaving him himself and an only sister alone in the world. When the brother and sister grew up the latter married a young man named Goudan, and the former took to himself a wife whom he well nigh worshipped. Fancy Goudan—gave birth to a son, and shortly afterwards died; and her husband soon followed her to the grave. When his sister and her husband were thus gone Anthony Carper took the orphan boy like his own family. He reared him up—he cared for him—he loved him—he gave him a good education—and finally started him in business. So much did Anthony Carper for his nephew, Thomas Goudan. He was his own sister's only child, and he did it with love and tenderness."

At this point Thomas Goudan bowed his head, and covered his face; and a strong emotion covered as his frame. Something may in his memories have smote his hard heart.

"But," pursued the old man, "Anthony Carper was soon called upon to bear a grief more bitter than may be had on earth. The wife whom he had so fondly loved, and who had been an angel of peace and joy in his own home, was stricken away by death. For a while the world seemed all dark to the bereaved man; but he had a child left—a sweet, blue-eyed daughter—who clung to him and loved him, and prayed with him. And all the love in Anthony Carper's soul centred upon his fair-haired child—and joy and peace came back to him. But, alas! his child was not to always be left with a new and holy affection, and she became a wife. Henry Hubert was a true man, and Anthony Carper gave to him the hand of his child with high hope. They lived beneath his roof, for he could not be separated from his daughter; and in due season she had word for the broken-hearted man. But, alas! the night was growing darker. The evils became a shadow to the mother of a daughter—and in a few short months afterwards pronounced dead beside her wasp. Henry Hubert had been sick before, and ere long he, too, went to his grave. And thus Anthony Carper, whom head was crushed by the weight of nearly threescore years, was left alone with his infant grandchild. The mother had scarcely left Rosalind, almost with her dying breath. The latter had passed away with the child upon her arm, and the last word he spoke was, Rosamond! And when Anthony Carper looked into the little orphan in his arms, he felt his shattered love grow strong again; and he swore that he would live to guide being always. Of all his house—of all his loved ones—the sweet child was the last and only one. For a year he lent over it in hope and fear; and when he knew that the child was secure so long as he should live, he went to the spot where he had heard bounded with new pleasure, and he prayed to God that the precious load of heaven might be spared to cheer and make glad his old age.

"When Rosalind was two years old, Carper received intelligence of the death of his partner in Liverpool, and the agent wrote him that he must come out and attend to the business, or that he must go, but what should be do with his little grandchild? Who would be sure to be faithful with such a trust than the nephew whom he had cherished with so much tenderness? So he left Rosalind with Goudan to confide the child. He made his nephew promise that he would love the little one to remember and love her grandfather, and to make her understand that he would be a father to her when he came back. He would assure her that if the old man brought back wealth, she should share it with him. For this was the fatal rock. When Thomas Goudan heard that, he must have commenced his villainy. For if Anthony Carper should never come back, but should die abroad, there was no one to care for the child! If his nephew was guardian of that child, the money might pass through his hands. And think, he did so he did. He gave the child away, and lied about its parentage. He fixed up a story in a false name, for fear the grandfather might come back, and expose him in his crime."

"You will prove that story, sir!" said the broker, with a glastly look.

"I tell it well because I know it well," returned the old man. "But let me go on. Anthony Carper was in Liverpool when he received the letter of his business there, he found it necessary to go to Spain. He wrote to his nephew of the child's sickness and for that distant land. When he reached Cadiz, he was informed that the child was dead. At Cadiz, and remain there some time. He waited until he received a letter from his nephew, and then he proceeded to China. By Goudan's next letter he was informed that the child was dead, and been placed in an excellent home, where she was loved and cared for as an own child, and where Mr. Goudan, often went to teach her to read and pray for her old grandfather. Thus answered, the old man accepted terms that were proposed to him there, and went into business. Years passed on, and Goudan's letters continued to tell the profound that he had learned Rosalind as love her own daughter dearly, and that his care and his own faithful and constant.

"Finally, Anthony Carper resolved to return to his native land. Nearly fourteen years had left their weight upon him, and he felt that he ought to be sent a home. He had a large property, and he wanted no more. His grandchild had become a young woman, and he would go back and live in a home, where she should be the joy and the sunlight; for amid all the business of long years he had not once forgotten that sweet child, and no other image had gained possession of his heart. He settled up all of his business relations, and left its settlement, and received drafts and bills to the amount of over a hundred thousand dollars. He was obliged to leave double that sum, however, in his partner's hands, but he knew that what he knew he could draw upon it when he wished. He wrote to his nephew, informing him of his approach, and also stated that he would remain with him drafts and bills which he should cast him to exchange. He knew that Goudan was a broker, and he supposed it would please him to give him business. Then he sailed for his native land. But Carper said nothing about the child of his property, which he left behind, amply secured, for had a plan of his own which he should keep to himself. If he should find his nephew all that he hoped to find him, he meant to give him a princely thousand dollars, for, besides Rosalind, Thomas Goudan was his only relative in society. He had not much, partly because of the relationship, and partly because of the care which he supposed his nephew had exercised over the grandchild.

"At length Anthony Carper reached his native land, and he hastened with all speed to see his nephew. It was on a Saturday afternoon when he reached Thomas Goudan's house, and he entered with his relative warmly. He felt so joyous and so hopeful when he was answered that Goudan was well and happy, and that she loved her old grandfather, that he did not notice the hard, dark look upon the nephew's face. He stayed with him and ate, and then received to go and see his grandchild at once, and spend the Sabbath with her. This he did so, however, he placed in Goudan's hands all his papers, his drafts and bills, and told him to turn them into current funds, and then look around for some safe investment for the money. Thomas explained to his uncle where he would find Rosalind, and went with him to the stage-office, where they separated.

"Anthony Carper rode out to Malden, and left the stage at the first of the hill upon which the farm-house stood. It was night now, but the stars were very bright, and a sort of soft twilight seemed to linger over the hill-side. Up the narrow road the traveler took his way, and when half way up he heard a deep groan, as of some one in distress. He stopped, and the sound seemed to come from the hedge to his left. He hurried through the tangled bushes, and found an old man lying beneath the wall, with large rocks tumbled about him. Carper bent down, and found that the old face had been severely injured. He could speak but little, but he was able to tell the old man that he should be all right. He then ran to the house, and called down upon him, breaking on of his legs, and bruising his ankle. By the use of his way from Canada to Boston, and still he had no friends in the section of country. The old woman in charge of a position as possible, and promised to come and get to in a few minutes with more help. He would have moved him himself, but the broken leg rendered that impossible.

Anthony Carper remained the road, and hurried on up the hill. He had come but a short distance, however, when he was stopped by a quick cry of blind him, and on turning he beheld the face of Thomas Goudan. His visage was one to set all on the next instant the nephew struck him upon the head with a pocket-knife weapon, and felled him to the earth! And then the blow was repeated. That man who had been so loved, so trusted, and for whom such generous provision had been calculated, had come out from the city to waylay and murder his poor old uncle!"

The speaker stopped here, and wiped the tears from his eyes, but no one spoke. His hearers were too deeply absorbed to break in upon him, and they only gazed into his face with eager, anxious eyes. Thomas Goudan sat like one who was under the influence of some terrible charm, and Rosalind, with her head resting upon her lover's breast, was weeping in sympathy.

"Anthony Carper rode out to Malden, and left the stage at the foot of the hill upon which the farm-house stood. It was night now, but the stars were very bright, and a sort of soft twilight seemed to linger over the hill-side. Up the narrow road the traveler took his way, and when half way up he heard a deep groan, as of some one in distress. He stopped, and the sound seemed to come from the hedge to his left. He hurried through



"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY."

BY TAMAR ANNE RICHMOND.

Why are we ever making thought
Through our lives so sorrowful?
Our present joys are closely bought,
Our griefs are such as all must undergo.
Why should we borrow
The heaven-sent hour of meeting yours.
The Future's joy and sorrow?

The Future's joys—they do not wreath
Such toil and trouble;
A little pain or grief,
And then a weary waiting—a death,
A brief relief;
We look for corn—and nothing find
But chaff.

In sorrow—what are they?
We know not many days
Our weary head will rest beside;
They may not be with us to-morrow,
Let's think on to-day!
Let's consider the Future is not ours,
In the present we must dwell.

He who can clothe the flowers
With hues so right,
Will send refreshing showers;
Then let us trust Him for bread,
A holy light
Will softly beam for every
Sorrow's dark night.

## THE YOUNG WIVES.

### AN EPISODE OF THE PANIC.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Five years ago, when Godfrey Leeson and family were living in Liverpool, they were considered remarkably unsociopolitable. Godfrey's friends envied him the possession of a comfortable, unfluctuating, engaging, and accomplished wife whom they designated Clarissa, while Godfrey himself, in his confidential hours, though the very world sometimes prey out in little, always designated her as Clara! And why he preferred, somebody might have been congratulating him on the possession of a wife who, if not beautiful, was always whistled provokingly when he heard those speeches, and turned the conversation to the subject of the latest gospel.

Pagan about Mr. Blake's hand, down in Wall street, and said Godfrey was fortunate in the purchase, about Emily's beauty, and Godfrey's good luck in securing her affections, and passed over a precise in their agreeable sayings to Mrs. Blake and Emily, about Clara's beauty, and how much she resembled, somebody might have been congratulating Mr. Leeson, but then, my dear, you know Godfrey

# THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.



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ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to Robert Bonner, New York Ledger Office, No. 44 AND 46 Ann Street, New York. We will guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe to any agent. Always send the money direct to the office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such for us, pay him no more than a subscriber.

A NEW STORY BY EMMONS BENNETT.—In the next number of the Ledger we shall commence a new story, entitled, "BLANCHE BURTON; OR, THE EAST OR THE ROSARY," by the distinguished and popular author, EMMONS BENNETT, whose graphic and thrilling sketches published in our eight pages have been so much admired. "BLANCHE BURTON" is Mr. Bennett's masterpiece. It is a narrative of wild and perilous adventure among the ravages of our western border, and is full of stirring incidents, intensified by poetic fire and motivated by enabling passion. The reader will be held of the heart with a vigorous grasp, and hurried the imagination captive.

## AMERICAN ART

No country can be so magnificent in our own for diversity and grandeur of natural scenery. We speak not only of the United States, but of the whole western hemisphere. And the inhabitants of this New-World nature is not derived from its primitiveness and the strong contrasts its forests and wild-ness present, as compared with the Old World, so much as from its breadth of outline and rugged splendor of proportion. Nature seems to have been born of a larger throe over the Atlantic. All its features born are Titanic. Its rivers are brighter and broader; its mountains lift their mammoth masses to the heavens; its lakes are inland seas, and in the depths of many of its embrowned forests are spaces for exploration greater than all Greece or Rome.

All over the country is written MAGNITUDE. The mind that contemplates its scenery must be exalted thereby. The imagination is surrounded with the im-mperiality as the eye takes in the vast, varied, and magnificent landscape. From these mighty mountain *areas*—hills and valleys, forests and farmfields, meadow and river, lakes and rock-ribbed and tattered or dense population, making all the scene massed with the voices of industry, intelligence and freedom. And, finally, this great American art, if it cannot be born and reared here, can charge the fault if example or inspiration be taken.

And there is ample history, tradition, and romance, in forest all this New World is teeming with deep and fascinating interest. The hills and valleys, and bright streams, are linked with the thrilling record of our own race—the perils and endurance, and often tragic sufferings of those who pioneered civilization into the wilderness; the bold daring, the heroism, and the sacrifices of those who, on the battle-field, and in the council hall, planted the firm pillars of the Republic; the genius and enterprise of later generations, whose triumphs in art and commerce, in society and government, in seas and solitudes, have made the name of our land freedom with surpassing splendor. And back of all these is the history—a tradition of mystery—of the small savage race was exterminated by the whose last traces are fading out toward the setting sun.

This is the country over whose scenery, so richly invested, and on record by history, the painter and express its grandest powers leaving nature still unexhausted. Yet, this is the country, too, where Art is destined to build a prouder Pantheon for its glorification—where art will make its most splendid home—where future sculptors shall rival the hand of PHIDIAS—where painters, better than Protogenes or Apelles, shall steal the locks of their fame and cheek, and where our architects shall build grander and higher temples and finer symmetries than the Parthenon and the pyramids. Surely, the New World is the home and field for the best genius and fortune of art—worthy to inspire a distinct and surpassing American Art.

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## DUKE LAWS.

Usury laws declare, in effect, that honest intentions and good character are not to be given as security to a creditor, though watches and wheelbarrows may. If a man in moderate circumstances has pressing need of fifty dollars, he may obtain the money by pledging his wife's jewels and his own apparel, and paying twenty-five per cent. to a pawnbroker; but if a neighbor, confiding in the fair intentions of the borrower, is willing to advance the money on his personal note, on a note, he does so in between man and man and forfeits the arrangement. Then he is certain it is in effect, by inviting the borrower to the dishonesty of silent evasion, and so escape the payment of both principal and interest. Here is a case where the law is enforced, though but for the law interfering with the liberty and security of contract, both would have found an advantage in the accommodation. In this city, almost the entire business of poor borrowers have to pay twenty-five per cent per annum, to licensed pawnbrokers, for the temporary use of money, because the law will not permit other lenders to take personal security at eight, ten, or twelve per cent. interest. This is an undeniable and very curious illustration of the evils of over-legislation. We have no remedy to offer on the subject, but as an intelligent and experienced observer and inquirer given it as his opinion that the laws of trade and adult population have overcome, some time or other in the year, by assemblies for temporary loans, and of those a good proportion could, by the most sacher and respectability, obtain the aid they required on terms more reasonable and easier. If the law left them free to make binding contracts. A person will pay high for the use of money when he wants are urgent, but he will always get it on the best terms he can. Hasty money squabbles would be paid something additional for the risk and trouble of small loans, but there will not make them. This the usury laws forbid, and the consequence is that small borrowers are thrown entirely upon the 25 per cent. pawnbrokers. Usury laws and pawnbrokers—what an anomaly!

## MAY-DAY.

Already the notes of preparation are sounding throughout the country, and white-walls, parlors and carpet-whippers, thick as mosquitoes around a swamp on a hot August evening, are the order of the day. Who, but the supernatural housekeeper, does not look with sublimed horror at the approach of May-day? Who, but he or no getting rid of the move, no delaying for a day spin—in a dream, indeed—or sending for, finding some thousands of families preparing for this spring-cart hunt. From cellar to attic, every thing in the house but is to be upturned, packed, piled, and carried out, to be cleaned and brought in again. What furniture will be broken and tarnished —what crockery smashed—what treasures of art irreparably injured—what mirrors chipped—what carpets ruined by curious hands and diabolical perversion. But in the face of all these and countless more of the Atlantic. All its features born are Titanic. Its rivers are brighter and broader; its mountains lift their mammoth masses to the heavens; its lakes are inland seas, and in the depths of many of its embrowned forests are spaces for exploration greater than all Greece or Rome.

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## FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by FANNY FERN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## WHAT CAME OF A VIOLET.

Before me lies a little violet, the forerunner of spring, with a sweet, faint, delicate perfume like a baby's breath. It should give me joy, and yet my heart sinks dropping on the purple flower.

Why? Has life been such a holyday to you, dear heart, that a violet is a pathos to you? Has a well-remembered song hummed beneath your window, or a flower, or a face, which was to you a revelation of the myriads of pleasure-seekers, and in the midst of the tinsel and glitter and pomp of amusement are open as usual.

Whatever other fashions we may borrow from France, may we never adopt this! Our national stability, our steady liberty, our unshaken patriotism, depend on the deep religious spirit of the people, for the cultivation of which Sabbath observance is essential. A population having God, and neither to the shares of the despot, nor the tools of the demagogue. Tyranny and faction alike fear with a people devoting one day in seven to the public, enlightened, voluntary worship of the God of Truth. Whilst we would resist to the last the introduction of European vices, which, when it comes to be spontaneous, ceases to be religious—yet, from mere political considerations, every one who would not have our history resemble that of France and Italy, should deprecate any tendency to the relaxation in the religious observance and habits of the people.

Many of the leading classes beware how they echo the cry of those false friends, who, pretending to be champions for their interests, are really their bitterest enemies for the poor. The charter of the Sabbath is a charter for the poor. It is for their sake it is enacted for the gratification of the many. The spiritual welfare will be followed with more regard to the rich. If one establishment may employ its servants as the price of furnishing pleasure to the people, others with or worse motives, though with a different and perhaps superior plea, will open the doors to the harvest of money that is to soon imitate the example. The wedge whose thin end is introduced by the plea of pleasure-seeking, soon be driven home by the sledge-hammer of avarice. The Sabbath is a day of rest for the poor man's day, and when once the spell of sacredness is broken, the toiling masses may discover, too late, that the temples of pleasure have been built on the robbed even of repose, and that the advocates of Sabbath liberality were really their best friends.

## RICHES.

The acquisition of riches seems, from the beginning of time, to have been one of man's universal passions. Every nation, every age, has its spirit it. Riches have ever proved a source of power, and a mean of commanding respect and adulation. The rich have been, while living, at the head of society, and when dead, have been the imbued, the quoted, the honored. The rich have largely controlled the public opinion, the social habits, and the political power of the world. They have framed the laws, and shaped the judicial decisions. In the hands of the rich there have been a blessing; but who will say that in the hands of the majority riches have not been a curse? The saddest and the saddest lives have been spent in the accumulation of gold. Yet there is no evil in wealth. It is not money, but the love of money that is the root of evil. When the pursuit of riches does not curtail the humanities, and in possession enlarges rather than circumscribes man's aspiration to do good and be useful among men, riches are fair and lovely as the wing of a blushing angel. It is a noble, a glorious and worthy of his exalted character, that man should "subdue the earth himself" with comfort and independence. This feeling may be cherished without selfishness or hardening of the heart, and the more of this world's goods the true man possesses, the more ample the means he has to relieve. Sought rightly as a means, riches are a blessing; sought and hoarded as an end, they are base and contemptible. Bursa hat a usuly idea of riches when he sang:—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

Not he is into a lit is a hedge,
For he a vain shadow,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

## LEADING VS. DRIVING.

The old-fashioned way of managing the masses of men was to drive them like cattle—by the "divine right of kings"—when that would suffice. When it would not, the battle or the bayonet, the sword or the condemned draught of hemlock, was the exile or the cross of ignominy! It was thus all religious reform was usually managed. Error, fed by tyranny in its various forms, swept the few true pioneers of progress out before it, and left their bodies, such as Socrates the sage, and Jesus the Son and soul of God, and a host of other martyrs whose blood has proved the seed of not only the church, but of all forms in which benevolence and truth has struggled for a foothold and free utterance—oh! how often she has struggled in vain!

But, while the spirit of progress has so successfully contended against these cruelties and tyrannies away, that their use has vastly decreased, they have their substitutes in our age. There are the persecutions in all the departments of life, and by them the refractory are "whipped into the traces" of the car of progress, or dismissed to the false fashions of society! And the "leaders" of the people, leading, too often, their followers where they to lead, as the word shows, undertake to drive the masses by force and by the short, simple method, for all changes, in the existing order of things, are dignified, of course, with this attractive name, and are called "leading" instead of "driving."

Let not our would-be leaders so forget their calling as that of not mimicking it, they aim to drive, while *pretending* to lead, we notify them that the people will not follow in that case; and they may run past the pen and the press under a perpetual hurl of prescriptive dinne and silence, and dam up the fountains of knowledge while they have already flooded the world. The time for driving the people is past, and the age of genuine leadership is at hand.

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## SUNDAY IN PARIS.

Pleasure is the authorized Sabbath keeping of the continent, and is the special worship of the French. Shops of all kinds are open till noon, when the entire population turn out for amusement. The Champs Elysee was the aspect of a fair. Roundabouts and swings delight the children, while thousands of persons are attracted to the open cafés, each of which has an elevated platform, beneath a gaudy silk canopy, where half a dozen women, in gay evening costume, sing comic songs alternately with the dirty men of a band of music below. The water-works at St. Cloud or in Versailles are put in operation for the gratification of the myriads of pleasure-seekers, and in the public gardens the theatres and other places of amusement are open as usual.

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## WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—CONTRIBUTED ESPECIALLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

BRONZEMORE may exist without benevolence. Arising from a sense of duty, and from sympathy or compassion, it may be a charity of the head, not of the heart. It may be a charity of the head, not of the heart. It may be a charity of the head, not of the heart. It

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MINSTREL-LOVER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Minstrel, thy farewell song,
Sad as a dirge heard through the midnight rain,
Falls on my heart—and love's dear years again
On memory throng.

The scenes of the past
Come floating round me—and young Hope brings
Bland visions of love and glory on her wings
Too bright to last.

The low star rimmed the verge
In life's young morning given with blessed ray,
But soon, ere noon, its beauty sunk away
In clouds and haze.

I may not hear that tone
Of mournful melancholy again. The well
That's dry—the empty urn—should ever swell
No wild and true.

Minstrel, I love thee now
As first I loved thee. In this raven hair
I twine, at last, thy favorite flowers—but where,
Oh! where are they?

That rose is passing now,
That rose is passing now, you mountain's brow
Or that faint sea of love—is rising now
But does not fall.

I gaze on you clear ocean
As cast my gazed ere lovely young dreams were dull,
And every dark dreamer on passing beautiful
Should fade on earth.

I wander in the spot
Where first we met. The scene of early trust
Still floats upon the air, but thy sweet words—
Those fond vows—are not.

I am alone, and but
My life is falling from the earth—this breath
Is faltering now, and the low wind of death
Is whispering peace.

Thy well, and I have come
To hear its murmur. I am sickly now
Like's how pale blossoms wither ere in true,
Then sank my home.

Minstrel, this mournful token
Of love is mine—is my heart's farewell!
I know thee true—O, keep it as a spell
Of love unbroken.

# RICHARD HOFFMAN;

## OR,

## THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

### A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION

BY

CHAPTER XI.

THE GRANDFATHER'S DEBT PAID.

Several weeks elapsed, and neither Richard Hoffman nor his grandson had once alluded to what was uppermost in the minds of each—the departure of the latter for India. Once, when our hero, in revoking of the pleasure of possessing a domain like Meldown—the happiness which such a property might enable the owner to diffuse around him, the old man said,

The hope of detaining Richard in England strengthened.

"He can hardly refuse," he thought, "the temptation I offer him."

Like most men of the world, he was mistaken. It never entered into his calculations that there are natures only to be bribed through their feelings—natures whose judgment is not at all times consigned with the dictates of duty or the impulse of affection.

The two relatives were walking one evening in the park, when Mr. Bently pointed to a magnificent hunter, which one of the grooms was brushing in.

"For you!" he said.

The youth remained silent. He had long suppressed the desire of the speaker to be released from the promise he had made him, and the words confirmed it.

"You do not appear satisfied with my gift!" observed the merchant, in a tone of disappointment. "Most just men, I imagined, were fond of horses."

"I should indeed be ungrateful," replied the youth, "were I insensible to your kindness. And if I do not thank you as I ought to have done, my silence arose from a circumstance which I fear you have forgotten."

"And that is——?"

"My approaching departure for India will render your present useless."

"Richard," said the merchant, resting himself at the foot of an aged oak, whose gnarled and giant branches cast a broad shadow across their path, "it is time that we understood each other. Listen to me patiently, and weigh well every word I am about to utter; for the future which to you contains long years of happiness and I trust, repose and honor, to me but days—days of wonder and I can experience the calm of the grave depends."

"I am still," resumed the old man, "that which has stripped me of the solace of a wife and child's affections, has heaped up in my coffers wealth insufficient to shield me from the shafts of sorrow, to place pleasure, the world's observance and its honors, within reach of him I call my heir."

He paused to watch the effect his words had produced, but his countenance of his hearer remained impassible. There was no flashing of the eye, or quivering of the lip, to indicate that he felt touched by the glittering bait that artfully spread and before him.

"You do not value gold?" added his grandfather, in a tone of disappointment.

"Will it purchase happiness?" demanded our hero.

"The world will tell you that it does!"

"Then why are not you happy, sir?"

"The question is boldly put," replied Mr. Bently, after a pause, "and I will answer it truthfully. Because I relied on wealth as the principle, instead of the accessory. When Providence—for I recognise her wonder-working hand—cast you upon my care, I was a proud, stern man—proud of the success I had achieved in the commercial world, the high standing of the firm I had founded; stern and unbending in my resolution.

"We think know our own hearts," resumed the speaker, after a pause. "He is but a fool who imagines that he has fathomed either its strength or weakness. In you the fire of affection, so long broken, burst forth again, the more strongly, perhaps, for having once been reversed. I cannot part with you, Richard; the young would kill me."

It must have been a stronger nature than his grandson's to have heard this avowal unmoved—the tone of silent affliction touching him to which it was pronounced.

"But for a wife," replied the young man; "a your may bring me back to you again."

"Speak not of it," exclaimed the old man, mournfully.

"Your promise to me?"

"You must release me from it. Do not answer me till you have heard the price I am willing to pay."

As the words rose and pay, Richard Hoffman drew himself up to his full height. The words graded harshly on his feelings.

"I have already taken steps to obtain the sanction of the Crown to your assuming my name.

Should disherse fall upon your father, it will assuredly affect you; and my fortune—all I possess—shall be settled irrevocably upon you."

"Grandfather! grandfather!" interrupted the youth, impatiently; "what a mercenary, heartless thing you must imagine me. Be more just, both to yourself and me; for years I have concealed—and Heaven knows the pang the resolution cost me to abstain from all intercourse with my parents, flattered my mother's love, my sister's love, not for the gold of which you are so proud, but the hope that the increasing love of my sister might aid in effecting a father's reformation."

"It has effected it," groaned the merchant; "and see I can reject it. Make whom you will your heir, I have no right to murmur at the decision. When the worst and passion is no longer breed, and reason resumes her empire, then, grandfather, you will think more kindly of the boy your harsh conduct drove from you, more justly of his gratitude and affection for you, and cease to blame him because he prefers duty to gold."

"You cannot go to India without my aid," hastily remonstrated Mr. Bently.

"You forget that I am young."

"You have no other love——"

"God, that protected the boy, will not desert the man, grandfather," answered Richard Hoffman. "Let us part friends. Give me your blessing and farewell."

The merchant rose slowly from his seat beneath the oak. A variety of sensations were contending in his breast—anger, disappointment, and, let us add, kindlier feelings, which, as he gazed upon the animated features of the speaker, and saw the tears he vainly attempted to repress, prevailed.

Throwing himself upon his neck, he wept bitterly.

"You have conquered," he exclaimed, "and perhaps I have you the better for my defeat. Grant me a few days to recover from the downfall of my hopes. I will not abuse it. A few days to the pleasure of an old man's heart, and everything shall be arranged as you desire. I will not try to tempt you again," he added, "from the path you have chosen."

Mr. Bently kept his word: from that day his grandson was exposed to no further exhortation to remain—his old and lofty relative was silent. Amongst other arrangements for the safety of our hero, and the success of his enterprise, it was settled that he should take the name of a distant branch of the family, Tyrrell, and that Lieutenant Morris, who had been so officially wounded, should be arranged as you desire. I will not try to tempt you again," he added, "from the path you have chosen."

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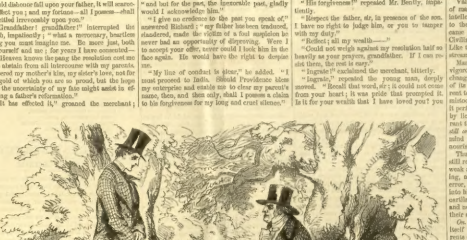

THE BRIDE IS OFFERED.

"Our parting shall not be clouded by unkindness," said the old man, solemnly; "I promise you as soon as I have recovered from the present blow to be reconciled to your mother."

"Bless you, grandfather, bless you!" exclaimed Richard Hoffman, throwing himself upon his knees, and kissing the hand of the old man. "You have removed the last weight from my mind, and I go now with a strong heart where duty calls me. I shall return to you, sir, ere I start return, and bring my father's vindication with me."

"Heaven grant it!"

"Your blessing—once more your blessing."

The merchant pronounced it, and the words were not the less heard on high, because affection caused them to falter on his tongue.

Richard felt that the scene was becoming too painful to be much further prolonged. With a strong effort he tore himself from the old man's embrace, and ran towards the boat, which lied all the while been waiting for him.

"Adieu!" murmured Mr. Bently, as he stood upon the beach, his hands drooping listlessly—"even more alone!"

Nothing, the great Northumberland dog, who was seated by his side, looked up into his face, and whined piteously; then ran towards the shore, and barked at the receding boat.

"Our love seems to be transferred; the animal mistook it for a signal, and, plunging into the surf, struck out vigorously after him.

"Even the brute creation love him," thought his master, "no wonder that I should be surrounded by them."

Until till the Perseverance had raised anchor and set sail that the old man returned to his home alone. For Richard, accompanied by some of the boat, and with his young master was on his way to India.

It was no easy task that Harry Morton had undertaken to convey the portrait of his friend to Ireland, and to bring back a correct likeness of the cost of his grandfather. To call upon her without an excuse was to run the risk of a repulse; and to introduce, was out of the question; and yet there was no other way of gaining admittance to society, which she seldom entered.

The young man was resolved to consult his mother; and he was right in doing so, for a woman's will will frequently jump at the solution of a difficulty where a man's—his own sometimes—fails.

Mrs Morton, who, from the interest she felt in Richard, had read every line of his mother's letter, hastily recollected that her house was in the same square as the residence of each of her most intimate friends, and that she had frequently seen Mrs Hoffman and her daughter walking in the inclosure.

This was sufficient for her son, who resolved to wait till he encountered her. He had not long to wait.

Rachel and Mary were both surprised by the sudden and unexpected visit of Harry Morton, who passed several times before the beach on which they were accustomed to walk.

"How rude," said the mother, in an under tone.

"How handsome," whispered the daughter; "he is more singular than rude."

At last the young officer, and, coloring deeply, demanded if he had not the honor of addressing Mrs. Hoffman.

The answer was coldly in the affirmative.

"I fear," said the young man, "you deem my conduct impertinent."

Mary, whose blue eyes were sparkling with fun and curiosity, could not help thinking that he thought of them himself.

"I am more severely than you can judge then," replied Harry, with a bow. "And yet, if you will but hear me, and then, if you are still added, "you would assist me instead of adding to it."

"But not knowing the cause," replied the young lady, desirous to relieve the confusion, importunate had nothing to do with it.

"And a gift," added Harry, "which I am sure you will be happy to receive, since it came from one who must still be very dear to you."

The palaces which overspread the features of Mrs. Hoffman, excited the alarm of Mary, and she impatiently commanded the young man to leave them.

"No—no, it is past," sighed the sorrow-stricken woman, who already divined that she was about to see him, "I will hear you, you must blame your own kindness for it. It would have made me so happy."

"His forgiveness!" repeated Mr. Bently, impatiently.

"Respect the father, sir, in presence of the son. I have no right to judge him, or you to temper with my duty."

"Relict; all my wealth——"

"Could not weigh against my resolution half so heavily as your prayers, grandfather. If I can aid them, the rest is easy."

"Ingrate!" exclaimed the merchant, bitterly.

"Ingrate," repeated the young man, deeply moved. "Recall that word, sir; it could not come from your heart; it was pride that prompted it. Is it for your wealth that I have loved you? you

"I am a mother, sir!" exclaimed Rachel, in a tone which showed the words were wrung from her very heart. "Do not trifle with me. Is my boy dead?"

"On the contrary, he is living and in health," replied the messenger; "worthy the affection of all who know him."

"Then why this mystery? will it never end?"

"That I am unable to explain; but trust me, as far as Richard is concerned, he deplores it deeply. At school we were friends; I might almost add brothers, but I have to discard it by Mary's—that you would deem me a boaster. A brief, very brief period, I trust, will restore him to you, meanwhile, he has intrusted me with this."

He placed in the trembling hands of the agitated woman the portrait of her son.

"Richard, dear Richard!" exclaimed his sister, bursting into tears, as she gazed over her mother's shoulder at the likeness. "He is not much changed—the features are more thoughtful, but there is still the same kind of expression."

Neither mother nor daughter observed, whilst they were indulging in their feelings that the messenger was scanning. Mary was the first to perceive it, and she hastened after him—to inquire the timid child, but resolute in a sister's love.

"You cannot have the heart," she said, placing her hand upon his arm, "to leave us in this painful uncertainty. You have a mother!"

"A dear, kind one," replied Harry Morton, greatly moved.

"And a sister?"

"Almost as beautiful as yourself."

"Then you will not refuse my prayer; return with me, impart all that you are permitted to tell us, and we both will consult mamma's and my heart!"

As Richard's messenger had not the slightest desire of doing anything so cruel, he permitted himself to be led back to the house, and to be seated in the parlor, where Rachel and Mary had left her mother overcome with emotions of grief and joy.

"Here he is, mamma," cried the excited girl, "and we who have watched the scene from a distance must have been guarded to account for the sudden familiarity between Mrs. Hoffman and her daughter with a stranger, who remained seated before them more than an hour in deep and, to all appearance, interesting conversation.

When he rose to depart, poor Harry had only succeeded in his left—in his own mind at least—in the benevolent old gentleman whom he described as the protector of his schoolfellow.

He had even gone so far as to promise to meet them in the square again.

## CHAPTER XII.

### INDIA.—ARRIVAL.

What a task would it present to trace minutely the progress of civilization. Cradled in Central Asia, that mysterious land where centuries on centuries has placed the terrestrial paradise, we should find it developing itself by slow degrees, and invading, century after century, each part of the globe. Slowly the great infant extended its long limbs; one of its earliest efforts was to constitute, in the centre of the world, China, with its hieroglyphics, arbitrary and grinding, a rough outline of the wonders it would one day accomplish. Next it displayed in the East the great empire of Assyria, Persia and Chaldea, with their wonderful capitals, Babylon, Susa and Persepolis, the earliest capitals of the earth, which now scarcely leave behind them more than a name, but which, the rest of mankind were plunged in darkness, alone in all the splendor of priestly civilization. The next great step was the colonization of the isles of Greece, which were soon to be a population of husbandmen a race of fishermen and mechanics succeeded, from whom sprung the Phœnicians, who, in their turn, were destined to spread over the vast commerce the sacred writings themselves bore witness.

Asia founded at last on the limits of Africa; Egypt, peopled with its people of priests, sorcerers, shepherds, husbandmen and sailors—a transition from mercenary republics to commercial republics, from Babylon to Carthage.

On Egypt repeats the three successive civilizations of Asia, Africa and Europe: it is the keystone of the arch which connects the ancient with the modern world.

Egypt created Greece, which colonized the greater part of Italy, and fell not till its mission was accomplished, its arts and sciences transported to Rome—to that city so wondrously prepared to receive and propagate them.

*Vainly did despotism*, alarmed at the progress of mankind, attempt to crush the capital of the intellectual world, by removing the seat of empire to the shores of the Bosphorus. Byzantium became chunked, while Rome remained Rome. Civilization replaced the sword, and all was told. Like the gushing waters of some mighty river, the stream could not be rolled back to its source.

Many have asked why civilization in India, so vigorous in its infancy, should have remained stationary, and, we fear, unimprovable at the close of its birth. And yet the answer must be sought in its overwhelming mind. Man, to his pride, mistook the outline for the picture, and pronounced it perfect; superstition guarded it by caste, guarded by licentiousness, and tyranny by slavery, ignorant that the true watchword of humanity is "Onward," that immutability is misery, and that mind and body perish alike for want of filling nourishment.

Thus we perceive how the child, although it still remained a child, became the father of a man, weak at first, nattering as he advanced, more receding, now groping his way amid the darkness of error, till Christianity, pouring its celestial blood into his veins, terminated his feeble existence. Those cartilage became bone, flesh changed to muscle, and nerves hardened into steel, yet still retained their sensitiveness.

Or, There is an astonishing the word, for Deity itself pronounced it when it placed the first fiat precise of man in a probationary state, and we doubt not but in a time will come when this planet will, with its wondrous discoveries—steam, gas, electricity—science that can measure the universe, describe the pathway of the stars, the comet's orbit, and read the living rock to map upon the page those secrets of an earlier world which Nature's hand has traced, will be regarded as the mere dawn of intellect and progress.

Such were the reflections, though somewhat less connected, perhaps, which flashed through the brain of Richard Hoffman, or, rather, Richard Tyrrell, as he stood beneath the tall skies, on the Perseverance, under the care of native pilots, advanced slowly up the Hooghly, on whose left bank stands Calcutta, the metropolis of British India.

Although the windings of the river, which is well wooded on either side, conceal the City of Palaces from the impatient traveler's sight till the ship has arrived within something less than a mile of anchorage, our hero and a young officer with whom, during the voyage, he had contracted an intimacy which had gone far to ripen into friendship, had passed themselves, from the first dawn of day, at the bows of the vessel, eager to catch the first glimpse of the tall spires and lofty dome of the government house—landmarks which views from the deck would be long in vain to point out to them.

"There it is!" suddenly exclaimed Fred Wharton, pointing at the same time to the dome as it rose majestically to their gaze. "It can't be more than a mile off."

"Above three miles," observed an old Hindoo, one of the boat's crew, who happened to be standing near them. "It is the clearness of the atmosphere which deceives you. Between the shore and the city lies the Maidoun, the Hyde Park of Calcutta."

Having given them this piece of information, the native resumed his occupation, but apparently either with their curiosity or expectations. He was encouraging to the steersman at the head of the boat to fish his official career; the young men remained on the deck together.

"Do you not long, Tyrrell," demanded the officer, "since anew to tread on land?"

"Intensely," replied Richard; "and yet I shall not part with the good ship, Perseverance, without a feeling of regret. During our long voyage I have brought myself to regard her almost as a friend. Many a night the tempest was expressive in the tropics, when I heard her timbers creak, her cordage groan, like the cry-cries of a human agony—saw the heavily laden hull half buried in her wrinkle's on old ocean's breast, then gallantly rise again upon the crest of some huge mountain-like wave, and whistling and howling by way, I felt as if friend that suffered; and now that I am about to leave her," he added, "I part from her as one who has rendered me good service, I can understand the feelings of the Greek."

"You will soon forget the poetry of existence at sea," said his companion, with a smile, "in the realities of land."

"Fortune is not the only motive of my visit to India," replied Richard.

Here he suddenly checked himself, as he caught the eyes of Lieutenant Bush—who, during the voyage, passed as a mere acquaintance—fixed upon him, and looking upon him.

"Your temperament," resumed the speaker, "is not calculated for the sordid pursuits of gain. You have marked you for bones pacing the deck at night, muttering strange words, as if disputing with some one—with—its own name, and on the stars to interrogate them on the soldier's future fate. I say I cast retort, and ask you, what the result of your dreams?"

"Death and fame are not the only matters of my visit to India."

There was a pause in the conversation. Each seemed to have said more than he intended he has meant.

With our hero's motives the readers are already sufficiently acquainted; what Wharton's were they shall now learn.

The part of the vessel where the speakers were standing suddenly became crowded.

"Is the ship aground, gentlemen?" said the second mate, who, with a portion of the crew, began to take soundings with the lead and line.

A dozen brawny arms were extended, tugging at the rope, and the lead was speedily drawn on board.

"Heaven, ye be!" followed by a splash and the rapid running out of the cable, which had been coiled, like a huge serpent, on the deck. The lower anchor was dropped—the voyage was at an end.

It is inconceivable in how short a space of time the ship was surrounded by boats filled with natives, each presenting a picture of human misery. Clothing lawless made of palm leaves and filled with dirt, which, mingling with the sweat, formed a crust of fig, pine-apples, melons, egg-plums, the swelling country failed to the sun with its grass, and the dalian, or pomegranate, so frequently celebrated in the love poetry of the East.

The captain of the Perseverance was too old a seaman to permit any of these petty traders—proverbially the greatest thieves in India—to set foot on board his ship. The barter was carried on briskly by means of cords let down from the sides, to which the natives attached their baskets, when they were drawn up again, the sailors throwing them empty soda-water bottles—articles much prized—and the passengers money, in exchange.

In the midst of the confusion, screaming, cour-

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reling and exclamation inseparable from such a mod- of transacting business, a host with a flavor-pron in his stern yet forth from the bank, and rowed rapidly along side. The gentleman, stepping upon deck, shook hands with the commander.

"Why, it is scarcely a month," he exclaimed, "since we received your letters by the Cleveland Mail. The days, at most, before we expected you—short passage. Glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Sanford," replied the captain.

Although he had extended himself for the meeting, Sinbad startled at the name. Fortunately the emotion was unnoticed by all but the lieutenant, for the latter to observe his uncertainty.

The managing clerk of the house of Chalmer and Company appeared in his thirty-third, and at the most forty years of age, and was rather good-looking than otherwise; an advantage, judging from his dress, he seemed perfectly aware of, for his costume would not have disgraced Bond-street or the Park. Light gray trousers, strikingly but tastefully cut, fitted faultlessly over a well-made boot; even the fastidious Brummell might have worn the morning frock-coat—black, of course—which incased his wiry but not inelegant figure; while the waistcoat and gloves were of the same color as his neither garments.

Made for the cultivated man, whose real portrait we feel ourselves more difficult to sketch in a manner not to offend the susceptibilities of some to our readers.

Mr. Sanford's features, though regular, lacked both the refinement and harmony which constitute the type of gentleman; and a few would have ventured to pronounce his vulgar were it not for bags, and moulding of a face. The constant expression of its countenance was exceedingly artful; difficult to catch, being so seldom in repose: an eternal smile upon the lips, and the eyes restless and small—restless as those of a newly-caged bird—an ever-lasting flashing, according to the mood among the pupils, and concentrating their light into a glance piercing as it would rend you through.

As one of his talents he had cultivated to conceal, one here intimately, we shall take the opportunity of giving an actual idea of, for his mental as well as his exterior.

It was written by the head of the great Indian firm of Curry and Sons, to their correspondents in Calcutta, Chalmer and Company, to whom the good ship, the Perseverance, had been consigned.

After a detailed account of balances, consignments, consignments of indigo, and specifying the bales owned by colonists of figures perfectly unintelligible to any but City people, the letter proceeded thus:—

"I invoice you by the same ship,"—the word "invoice," had been struck out and "send" substituted—"my ward, Richard Tyrrel, a youth in whom neither I nor my friend Halsted, his guardian may ultimately prove advantageous to you, seeing that he will one day be in the possession of an immense fortune, and has a decided preference for commercial affairs. He goes out to me by paying him every attention, giving him a hint to your counting-house, and initiating him into business habits; also by introducing him upon me, according to this, my letter of advice, to the amount of two thousand pounds per annum. Not that I, by any means, limit his credit to the above-mentioned sum: you must use discretion, observed if, at any time, he should wish to exceed it."

Mr. Herbert Chalmer read the letter of his valued correspondent twice, and carefully examined the signature. There was no mistake—Curry and Sons stood in a clerk being sent out from Halsted protégé of certain relations by any other person, and several minutes he felt both surprised and annoyed.

"Must ask him to my house," he muttered: "can't do less. And you—"

As British merchants in India are, generally speaking, exceedingly hospitable, it may be as well to explain at once the cause of the speaker's hesitation.

Herbert Chalmer, although in the sixtieth year of his age, had lately married a young and beautiful girl not yet out of her teens, the daughter of an English parson, who, dying, had left her without fortune. Like most humane men, whose wife and their wives so great a disparity of age exists, the old gentleman was not only passionately fond of his bride, but inordinately proud of her.

One word, however, in his correspondent's letter somewhat reassured him; it spoke of Richard as a youth; and he ultimately gave orders to prepare an apartment against his arrival, directed his managing clerk to proceed on board as soon as the Perseverance should arrive, and bring the boy on shore.

"By-the-by, said Mr. Sanford, as soon as the first congratulations with the captain were over, "you brought out a lad for us."

"A what?" demanded the commander of the Perseverance, glancing at our hero.

"A boy named Tyrrell, whom old Curry has consigned to us."

It was a pity the speaker did not notice the quick smile which curled the lip of the man he distinguished.

"There is Mr. Tyrrel," said the captain, with a marked emphasis on the word "Mr." "I shall be happy to introduce you to him."

The two gentlemen advanced towards the bows of the vessel, where Richard and Fred Wharton were still standing together, when the commander's introduction was gone through.

"Not such a boy, after all," thought Sanford, as he shook the hand extended to him with a certain amount of cordiality; for he too had received a letter from the head of the great Calcutta firm, and indulged, probably, in more than one speculation as to the way the ward of the writer would prove his interest—a task in which he had not the slightest objection to assist him.

The hero of our tale at the period of his arrival in India, although only eighteen, was tall, strongly built, and gave promise in his finely-rounded limbs and breadth of chest, of great future strength. His features, as might be expected from his sire, were still boyish, but regular and Anglo-Saxon, in a certain seriousness of expression, unless when he smiled, or anger or indignation excited them, on which occasions the faces could be at once pleasing and animated.

Mr. Sanford rather inclined to like his new acquaintance than otherwise. One thing, however, puzzled him—the decided coolness with which he had been before. Fortunately, he could not recollect to whom.

Richard was like his father.

"You must allow me," said the managing clerk, in his oily-mannered, confidential way, "to give you to the governor's. I mean old Chalmer's, your guardian's correspondent." he added, seeing that our hero did not quite understand him. "Hooker will see to your trunks and send them after us."

"With pleasure," replied the captain, desiring to give the order to one of the mates to see to them.

The young traveler's address to Fred Wharton and the rest of his fellow-passengers were speedily made. He had previously taken a private one of the lieutenant. With a trusting heart in his nocom of his enterprise, he stepped into the boat, and in a few minutes set foot on shore.

A dingey with a spirited horse, whose small head, distended nostrils eagerly sniffing the perfumed air, and limbs, beautifully proclaimed its Arab blood, were waiting on the beach. Mr. Sanford had the animal because, that the eyes, or native graces, could scarcely hold him in.

"Jump up!" exclaimed the owner of the vehicle.

In an instant our hero seated, and the speaker by his side.

"That will do," said Mr. Sanford to the Hindoo boy; "let go his rein."

The latter started, at a sudding pace, the eyes following leisurely on foot.

The morning was a most lovely one, and still, as it invariably is in November, after the first monsoon rains, when the thermometer rarely exceeds 70°.

Despite the busy thoughts which crowded on his mind, the young adventurer found motives to be brought him from England to India's land of dreams—the young adventurer enjoyed the drive, which extended to a considerable distance along the banks of the Hooghly, exceedingly. It was another world to him, with an unknown vegetation waving in fairy-like beauty, spangling earth's carpet with its thousand flowers, above whose perfume bands the various species of palms rose in regal grace. Nothing can exceed the wondrous contrast of foliage, whose darker shades are relieved by the lighter tints of the neem and the pepul. The magnolia and the banian act both contrasts in the neighborhood of Calcutta: the golden-colored buds of the latter tree send out the air with perfume.

The river was now left for the Maidan—the Hyde Park of the Presidency, and, slightly turning, the driver drew rein, to enable his companion to contemplate the beauty of the receding banks, breaking occasionally into fairy spots of verdure, studded to the summit with trees, now sinking into a graceful undulation.

"Beautiful!" murmured our hero.

"I dare say it is," replied Mr. Sanford, "but I have seen it so frequently that I scarcely notice it now. The scene is that of a landscape we are familiar with are something like those of a *strife*."

"I do not understand you," said Richard.

"It is easier to appreciate," added the former, dryly.

"Chance," thought the youth.

"He is a boy, after all," mentally cherished the managing clerk, "and a good one: he has evidently been well cultivated by his guardian; a little more knowledge of the world, and especially of the world of his character, and he will be a fit subject for me."

"The horse you drive is an Arabian, is it not?" demanded the inventor.

"Right."

"How fleet and graceful!"

"Graceful, indeed—a handsome eye, and very fine mouth."

Our reader, I suppose, would stand but little chance in India," observed Richard, who did not seem to notice his last remark.

"Then you are wrong," replied his companion, at the same time giving the animal the rein. "The superiority of the Arab is acknowledged, for it is well understood that we do not allow them to be exported. Now, my dear fellow, you must have a boat everything," he added, "that can against the sun. You seem fond of horses."

"Very."

"Are you a judge?"

"Only of what pleases me."

"I am," continued Mr. Sanford; "can't do me—many have cried it on me, and found it out, of course you will keep horses. With your means it would be absurd to be without a pair-horse, or driver about in a buggy,—all very well for junior clerks or mere gentlefolk."

"May I ask what are gents?" inquired our hero, in the most innocent manner.

"Why, I mean we give to the cadets when they first come out," answered his new acquaintance, "who in return revenge themselves by calling us Mister Fitchin. I shall be most happy" he continued, "to render you any service in my power—introduction you to a capital set of fellows; but you must keep your weather-eye open."

"Open!"

"Some of them play high."

"I never play," observed the youth.

"Then you are singular indeed," resumed the elder, and, as he doubtless considered himself, far more than knowing speaker of the two, "can't be too careful. Nothing is so deceptive as a horse: don't buy one upon 'Change are good for a million of rupees, little else of value, and sold to another in the sale of one. Take my advice," he added, "never buy a horse of a friend, or borrow a horse without the advice of one."

"Provided he is a judge?" observed his companion, greatly amused.

"That of course."

"And happens to be a *little more* honest than the seller."

"Hem! Yes, certainly."

By the time the two gentlemen drew up at the residence of the merchant, dinner was announced by Baddee Dewaise Adaisee, or supreme court of justice, Mr. Sanford's Hindoo butler, and the guests were shown to their apartments.

Mr. Chutnee did not feel quite so satisfied when he beheld his expected visitor. He secretly wondered what on earth Mr. Halsted could mean by his correspondent, Curry, meant by designating him as a boy. He considering himself a man in point of years, and began to regret the hospitality he had so profusely offered to his junior, however, he received him cordially, and invited him to accompany, or better, to conduct him to his apartment, where the latter was soon installed.

It was not till "office," or luncheon, that our hero was introduced to the lady of the mansion, who, as is usual in India, had not made her appearance at the breakfast-table. Instead of a middle-aged, matronly person, which, judging from the letter, he had naturally expected to see, he beheld a beautiful girl apparently not more than seventeen. A Hindoo child, seated on a cushion at her feet, was busily employed in waving a fan, with a slow, graceful movement, above her head.

"Zamora," said Mr. Chutnee, "I have brought our expected guest to introduce to you."

Mrs. Chutnee, without moving from her position, quickly extended her hand to him, and in a low, musical voice, bade his welcome to India.

Never had so much loveliness met the gaze of Richard Tyrrel; a loveliness that was heightened by the simple muslin dress without ornament of any kind, unless the single crimson bud where the folds crossed over the bosom could be considered one. We are of opinion that it might, for it contrasted both artistically and exquisitely with the pearly whiteness of her skin.

The face of the youthful bride—she had been married only three months—presented that perfect oval Raphael loved to paint—a type of beauty rarely seen out of Italy. The expression of its features in repose appeared somewhat cold. Few would have suspected, from the lady's habit of keeping her eyes half closed, the world of passion and sensibility which beneath the soft and lustrous lid, or read in her delicately but deeply chiselled lip, the energy and decision of character which lay in her heart, and dreaming as it slept.—feelings which a word, a look, might one day waken.

When animated, the countenance of Zamora resembled the landscape of her own sunny clime, so full of light and life, till the coldness, slumbering, seemed, like the lava, ready to burst forth.

What the expression of her face might be in sorrow none could tell. Her time had hitherto been so quickly chased by smiles, that, like the morning dew, they added fresh perfume and beauty to the flower on which they fell.

Our gift—and there are few of our male readers who have not felt the spell—the lady possessed to perfection.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

Soft as the song bird's note wooing its coy mate, was the voice of Zamora, as she welcomed her husband.

"And what think you of India?" she demanded.

"I have scarcely had time to analyze my impressions yet," replied the young man; "every thing is so new and strange to me!"

"Then you are right!" exclaimed the lady, laughing, and she spoke in a voice that seemed all pleasurable emotions are as unconscious as those which lighten the heart of childhood. "You are good."

The perfume of the flower lasts but for an hour," observed Richard, modestly.

The eyes of the fair speaker for the first time were directed towards him, souring a flood of light and beauty and inexplicable confusion.

"I could wish my pleasure to leave something for the lips to say during life or years."

A low, musical laugh, joyous as that of a spoilt child, followed the words of Mr. Sanford, and yet there was nothing mocking in its tone.

"Richard" she repeated. "What do men know about lovers' words and looks?"

"Not all, I trust."

The lady blushed and looked confused.

Here the merchant interrupted the conversation, and, rising from the table, invited his guests to proceed, amongst others one to his Excellency the Governor-General, and hinted that it was time to take his leave. Probably instead of eight o'clock they admire the discussion upon horses.

"I shall be glad to see you among her little band imperially. "Yes, I understand—bits of paper with the names of the guests upon them occupying the rain victim to the kind office of Neelie Tee. But I shall not be at home to-morrow, as the Governor," she continued, addressing herself to our hero "gives a ball."

"Will that be regretful?"

"Quite; and what is better, convenient. I have not a single ornament to wear, and you will be the loser by my disappointment."

"I thought," said Mr. Chutnee, "you had decided upon wearing—"

"Had I?" demanded Zamora, listlessly.

"Positively."

"I have changed my mind, then," replied the spoilt beauty, in the tone of one who felt her will to be law. "Besides, Lady Bell Fourmus informs me that it will be the most splendid one of the season."

"I thought you disliked splendor?"

"Not when I have made my wife, looking round the room; "it suits so much."

The gentleman bit his lip in silence.

At this moment the servant entered the room to inform his master of the arrival of visitors.

Sir Charles Metcalfe, commander of the 61st, Lieutenant Dewlith, and several gentlemen were below.

"I suppose I must see them."

"Of course you must," replied Zamora; "probably Sir Charles has brought a message from his Excellency, and Dewlith is a friend of mine."

Mr. Chutnee left, and perfectly unknown to our hero.

"Go," added the latter, "and bring that boy Richard Tyrrel to me. He is a boy, and will be delighted to see me."

"Boy, indeed!" said Richard, who felt annoyed and interested at the graphic style in which his fair patroness had sketched the character of her friend.

"Oh, I have no opinion of boys at all," replied the lady, haughtily. "Chutnee does not like them, and I am sure I do not. Besides, Dewlith is not to be talked for an indication of mine, and women all hold each other."

The merchant bid his lips.

"Go and bring him."

"Very handsome," answered Zamora; "and so is my little pet Tiny. Are you not?" she added, to the child.

This was addressed in an Italian grandpoet, repeating on a sudden in the vernacular. The burning lie same, the graceful animal sprang upon the lady's knee, and, with a caress, and expressed its joy barking and caressing her.

"There, that will do; down, Tiny, down?"

Our hero once more in the drawing-room, child like hand extended to him, and followed his host to the saloon, where Sir Charles and the others were waiting for them. From his wealth and high position in the service, Sir Charles, a middle-aged, very much respected, and received in the best society of Calcutta, although only a Subs.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPHIC ANIMAL.—Man is the only animal that is capable of progressive and constant improvement. All other animals derive from the Creator a certain portion of instinct and limited measure of intelligence, sufficient to secure their preservation, and to supply them with such comforts as are suited to their condition; but beyond this have been never known to advance.

TENNYSON'S NEW HEROINE.—Plain-faced girls should draw pluck!" remarks Miss Leslie. Was there ever a young lady who was willing to admit that she had a plain face?

since their disciple progressed with such ease and rapidity as, within eighteen months, to outstrip his masters, when he obtained a license, and prepared to attend the courts.

The celebrity for incomparable charms, which the lovely Mary had so involuntarily acquired, to an ordinary woman would have been extremely dangerous; but the fact did not seem to be thought with any perils to her, for the child-like innocence and simplicity of her heart surpassed, if possible, the grace of her person. It is true, indeed, and how could it be otherwise, she knew that she was beautiful, like a star; she had been told so, ten thousand times by the old, and by the young of both sexes, and from the earliest dawn of her intellectual existence, the consciousness did not elude her with emotions of pride, or depress her thoughts with vain fears for the future. Nor was she actually sensible of the marvelous effects produced by her charms in the bosom of others. As her eyes and hair never put the first of sinful passion, she forgot that the burning light of her dark eyes might, sometimes, by chance, kindle a consuming flame, where it might be least intended. And so she was kind, and courteous to all, and smiled sweetly on every beholder without distinction. Love never came to her that leaves he mild, illusory images dispersed through the fair to gladden all eye alike, and that reproduces its absent object with the creations that had the world at once, as the beams of her singular beauty wrought an undefined pleasure of mind, in every memory and imagination, where they fell.

I have said that she was strong and gentle in all but the distinct signification of the word. Her strength was exceptional. Among the lawyers, who stopped with the district judge, the "Beauty of the Valley's dell," was a young man, named Hillman. Hillman was a native of Virginia, and, though in South Carolina, whence, report said, he had fled, he was considered a true child of the south. I am unable to state whether or not the rumor had any foundation in fact. Hillman, however, is certain, that if he had ever been guilty of any thing else unbecoming to him, he had wiped away the stain of it in his own blood. Hillman was a gentlemanly, handsome man, of about thirty years of age, with a fine form, and a face that, if not handsome, was at least prepossessing. Among the lawyers, who stopped with the district judge, Hillman was the only one who had ever been known to be in the presence of Mary Lee. Hillman was a man of the world, and had seen much of it. He was a man of the world, and had seen much of it. He was a man of the world, and had seen much of it. He

responded, "Here! father, here!" And a lovely boy, some five years of age, emerged from a little clear of bushes on the bank of the river, and flew to the embrace of the lawyer.

"Where is your mother?" inquired the latter, eagerly.

"Gone!" said the child, in a sad tone, and his brow began to flow.

"Gone where?" asked the father, with a bewildered look.

"Away yonder!" and the child pointed with his finger towards the south, adding in a heart-broken voice, "and why she never came back my papa!"

"How do you know that?" ejaculated the parent, lost in astonishment.

"I heard them say so last night," answered the boy.

"Them! Whom do you mean?"

"My mother and the dark-faced lawyer, which used to take me every Sunday, and bring me home," said the child.

The father shook as if an earthquake were rending beneath his unstable feet, and across his face flitted the shadow of inscrutable thoughts—the smoke-clouds from the blaze of internal agony. At length he mustered resolution to inquire, "How long was the lawyer here?"

"Two days; and they went off together this morning," replied the boy.

"Alas! then it is true, and I am a disgraced and ruined man," said the wretched husband to himself, as he remembered suddenly that Hillman had disappeared from the court-house the previous week, and that no one could account for his unexpected absence.

"What did they tell you to do when they left?" asked the father.

"They did not see me," replied the child; "because I heard them say how they would never take me with them, and I did not want to leave you; so I ran away and hid in the cane till they were gone."

"Ah! He wished to steal my son, also!" exclaimed Henry Wilton, and he started to his feet convulsively, with a terrible look of revenge, such as he never met on that countenance before. He then gripped the palm of his right hand with his fingers closed, until every nail brought forth blood, for his own had entered his soul.

Then limping he leaped into the saddle, and lifting little Henry up behind him, galloped down the road to the house of a neighbor, who lived two miles distant. There he procured a horse and carriage and a span of powerful horses, and the father, with his son, started in pursuit on the wings of the wind. At Hunterville the intruder hastened to obtain fresh horses, exchanging at every stage of three. They had stopped there for breakfast, and had taken the main highway leading to the north-west river. At this place, also, he supplied himself with a pair of pistols, and a long, double-edged dagger, and started again on the terrible chase. On—on—on went they, through the dim night, over hills, where it was barely safe to drive carriages in broad daylight, through deep valleys and dangerous defiles, and among dark forests, where the wild mustang like a fiend in torture. Still onward —away, they hurried; the fire flashed from the flinty rocks beneath the iron-shod hoofs of their horses, and scattered in showers of sparks from the rolling wagon-wheels, until dawn, when they came in sight of Paysterville, that village, covering the summit of a mountain, celebrated in those days for the manufacture of its bloody weapons. Here, in the suspense of the way, and the jaded condition of their panting steeds, obliged them to proceed with greater circumspection, and the sun had arisen before they entered the public square.

At the moment Henry Wilton perceived the fellow mounting their horses in front of the inn on the very door, in the very act of starting. They also saw him, and commenced a hasty flight. He cried aloud in a voice of thunder, "Halt, coward, and face the man that you have injured!"

They heeded him not, but fled with the faster. He discharged his pistol after them without effect, and then ordered a bystander to stop, with the same deafening ordinity. But the overlabored animals could proceed no further, and one of them dropped down, dying in the harness. Immediately he conveyed aloud and continued his pursuit until twilight in the evening, when he reached Van Buren, on the Arkansas river. He was once more too late. He entered—the bird had escaped—and on a steamboat bound for New Orleans. Another was getting up steam for the same destination. The father and child went on board, and soon went sweeping down the current, with a velocity almost corresponding to the impulsions of the unhappy husband. The next morning the steamer arrived and Wilton had preceded them, and Hillman entrusted the captain to put him on the dock of the other. His request was not granted. They were rival steamers, and raced, with varying success, all the way to the Crescent City, during which they reached at the same time. The lawyer constituted his son in the care of a passenger whose acquaintance he had made during the voyage, and leaped upon the shore, and in a few seconds stood face to face with his mortal enemy, who was leaving the other boat alone, in search of a private boarding-house, for the accommodation of himself and his ruined victim, the latter re-sulting in the same event to herself his return.

Henry Milton instantly presented a pistol to his foe's bosom, exclaiming, in terrific tones, "Villain, villain, and defend yourself!"

Hillman sprang back as a corpse, and cried out, "I will not fight you. I call upon the police for protection!"

The bystanders gathered around, and several inquired at once of the enraged husband, "What is the matter? What has he done?"

"He has robbed me of the wife of my heart! He has carried away the mother of my child!" was the immediate answer.

"Then shoot down like a wolf!" shouted a dozen excited and indignant voices.

"Will you meet me?" asked Milton, advancing within three feet of his adversary.

"No!" replied the intimidating wretch; "I demand the interference of the peace-officers." But if any such were present, they did not make themselves known.

"Perhaps that will make you fight!" said Milton, and he struck the other in the face with the left hand.

Then, quick as a flash of lightning, Hillman pulled a pistol from his pocket, and snapped it against his enemy's forehead. The percussion cap burst without igniting the powder, and at once he afterwards the revolver of Milton roared, and the spatter fell dead as a log. The ball passed through his heart.

At the moment a shriek broke on the air from the upper deck of the adjacent steamer, so wild, so wailing, so unearthly in its tone of agony, that none who heard it will ever forget the awful sound until their dying day, and the fallen angel, the beautiful, the once innocent, but now abandoned Mary, precipitated herself head foremost into the river. Every effort was made to rescue her, without effect; preferring thus to perish by frantic suicide, than to linger on through long years of torture, goaded by the scorpion stings of a guilty conscience, or to sink still deeper in the black-ened pool of sin and shame.

"But by what means?" it will be asked, "did the man, at whose bar-gain she shuddered at their first acquaintance, succeed in gaining her confidence and in inducing her to elope with him?"

If this were a romance, instead of being a narrative of facts which actually occurred, the problem would be of easy solution. As the case stands, I have no means of explaining the strange event. It must remain in darkness among the million mysteries, which surround us, and which are of a nature that ever were known, or ever will be discovered by the purblind science of man. All crime is a mystery, and the only thing in the universe which is clear as the sun, and more radiant than all the stars, is the heart of slaughter-stricken love, and however sternly it may judge its own errors, weeps for the transgressions of others, and bows, with faith, for final adjudication, to the High Court that sits alone in Heaven!

## DON'T BE IN A HURRY;

### OR,

## JAMES PRICE'S TRIAL.

BY AUGUSTA WOODS.

James Price came to New York to seek his fortune. He went to board in a private family, where were two daughters of a widow—which fact he sometimes almost as dangerous as widows themselves were declared had never seen each other, unless girls in his life—that is seen them to speak to, and that both of them were the reverse of large-limbed, and rough-skinned kind—as particularly attractive to the handsome young man. But the widow's daughters were, James thought, beauties. He was no sex-stretch upon that morning then as he stood, that he could not venture to eat. Although he had been ravenously hungry before he left his room, he could not touch his second till at once to forsake him, and when he did sit down to the table James found that he choke him by sticking in his throat. It was a season of painful suspense. Every mouthful was imposed, and James grew accustomed to his "delicious" sensations, and he began to believe that there were not two such beautiful creatures in any other house in New York, or in the world, as were the two before him. Indeed, he was in a way to a conviction that now was his time to fall in love—and so he did. Miss Ann Eliza, or plain Miss Amanda Hope, a pleasantly suggestive name, was the eldest, and she had the management of the widow's roof. He felt wonderfully contented. He had resolved to remain single all his life, for a greater hurry to be married; and, generally, nonchalantly remarked that he never should marry another—I wonder if I really do like Amanda better than I do Ann Eliza?

James had become quite a party-goer. He had his loves and her sister were possessed of the partyloving spirit, and James had no objection to gaiety. Indeed, he soon began to be so eager to attend the soirees as to be considered quite a beau.

There was a certain fair young maiden that was often in the same parties with James, and whose esteem frequented; and our young, engaged friend never found himself in the same house long, however without experiencing, under his breast-pocket, a wondrous palpitation—a revolution in the heart, and quite alarming, considering James's circumstances.

He concluded, after a time, that he better give up going to these social gatherings. But the fates were sternly contrary to the sinner; and as at first or remotest are always weak when there is an enemy inside of the fort, James was quite unable, but a short stood against his besiegers. Again he met the low-browed, blue-eyed, sweet-faced maiden, and again he felt the ominous pulsation under his breast. Draw, draw, dog, it is war!—a mighty hand pulling at his heart, for he was in mighty love, and could have given the whole of New York (as he didn't own it) had he been the owner.

One eve, while dressing he became the tri-umph of his lady's power. When he touched the bell he found that it was very cold. He need not have been so cold. He could not have helped the thing; but he did it—stayed that cold little hand in his, so warm, so strong. James had grown quite bold, and he was not sorry to find it so.

He felt the maiden's hand tremble convulsingly. He looked at her face, and saw that she was trying to look unobserved at him. The pink color, the play of her, all told him, and he was ready to fall over her dress as her eyelids instantly drooped. They smiled upon and had each other partners. They unclasped each other's hands, and tripped whithersoever the dance led; but by some mysterious influence they were constantly near each other's love. James was just as sure that the lovely maiden's heart was his as that he had brought to have her as his own. He resolved to go to Amanda, confess his condition, lay himself at the manner of hard names, ask her to shoot him, beg of her, after that, to marry, to give him back his freedom. Accordingly he did so. But when was his astonishment and dismay to hear the fair Amanda declare that she was not engaged to be to, ever. The worst of it all was that this wasn't said in any fury, or strong feeling, but coolly, from an anguished heart—so, it was spoken with a cold and hard expression of countenance, and if she meant to have him if it was only in hate, pieces, or if there was any love in the case, it was very sly.

Miss Jessie gave up the case at once. He asked her to name the happy (?) day, and Amanda named it. It was an early one; and they were married.

How changeable is time! Before the ceremony that they are so newly married," was the remark of people when they met each other, and which they scarcely walked arm in arm, and often came together in church.

James was kind as he could be to his wife. He determined that he would not be unhappy, and that anybody better than he did her; and, there is never did. She was constantly obliging him, and in carrying out his good resolution had Amanda assisted him by an affectionate manner; but this she never did. She was constantly obliging him to be having loved another—by aim was to punish him all that she could. She could have died for him, to have truly loved James; he had pleased him, and he was probably half aware of the secret of his body. When she had insisted upon his fulfilling his engagement with her, her side appeared so blinder him from being happy either without or with her. The poor fellow—he was of course such as forbear not to break with her against her will, and then he was victimized.

For a long time he bore his troubles silently; but there is a pass beyond which neither man nor woman can bear trouble silently, and live; and when his wife frowned her home, and forbade him to enter and sit on his own-dore table, it was more than he knew how to endure. He rushed to the fountain of knowledge and consolation of his friends, and blushed, and spread before them the story of his wrongs. Every one who knew James knew that it was quite impossible that he had been the fault. He never in his life had been unkind to any human being, nor even to a beast—one is likely that such a man would have evil cruelty to his own child! Never. And this very unkindness—"Away with her if she will not repent and reform!"

It was usual and unusual measures were taken to bring about a proper state of feeling between the twain—never made to fit without wounds. James would not have any divorce. He said he did not think it would be right. He believed in no human power to part married couples. There was no court with the power to undo what God the Saviour; and he had no such cause. His friends talked and reasoned in vain. James was always firm in whatever he thought to be duty. He felt that his first vow on a sick bed, and he was not to be broken, not although there was a stone upon his heart. There was one thought that many times soothed him, and that was his motherless babe.

And thus our James lived on, a married widower, for seven weary years. He would not be they—he'd not be never said, to any one.

Sweet-tempered and very lovely was the little Leonard; and Amanda's mother took the most of her daughter to act out her wicked desire to punish the child's father from whom she delight of his company. Almost every line day James and his boy were out together, riding or walking, Leonard needed to be in better health, better than children usually do. This was great consolation to his father and friends.

One day a lady, in her stroll down a shady street, noticed a pretty child at play with a number of its years. He was running as fast, and as rapidly as his little feet could carry him, and were flying in the soft summer wind, and his bright face seemed full of delight. The child was rich and robed, but appeared to be entirely unprotected. There was not a person to be seen for several squares, and the lady slowed down her pace.

"Stop! stop! my little fellow," cried the lady, hastening forward. "Where are you going to stop so fast? and why are you alone in the street?"

"Oh, I'm going to see Aunt Amanda and my uncle Jim," he said.

"Where is your papa?"

Price bowed low, while a flush crossed his cheek, and his eyes flashed with a light that was not altogether disinterested feelings. Did they wish that they had not said so? Was it possible that he was in no go? The boy's rosy cheeks had become crimson from his confusion.

"Well—till me your name, my dear, and I'll let you go."

"My name is Lenny Price—— Oh! there is pa—now he'll catch me," shrieked the boy, darting from the lady's side with all his might.

"Price?" The name had made her start, and she looked, with a thoughtful interest, into the very eyes of the child's father, only to see that it was not.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## RALPH, THE BRICK-MAKER'S BOY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The ground of the brick-yard is turning red here;
By the hedgerow are plenty of shady spots,
But Ralph, when he gets a white stone to wear
Stops in the morning, and digs all he can.

That is his mother's home over the hill,
With the pitcher of water in the window, to sweet,
And Ralph is her darling, and all to her.
In the soft breeze, the prints of his barefoot feet.

Poor soul!—she is thankful for wonderful mercies,
And much is her portion, but what does she care
For herself, since so together here in the cot
That her darling lies hungry, and is eaten!

Low down on the brink of the prickly sweet-briar
Are handfuls of roses, but still he will pass
By each cluster, and search for a white one for her
That grows out of sight on the top of the rock.

Sometimes the old brick-maker, scattered and bent,
With one life about on his shoulder settles,
Without, growing restless himself, and impatient,
He scarcely expect the good man with a smile.

He makes of a story heap of cinder and ashes,
Sometimes, where he sets up his pots to dream,
And then, growing vexed with his work and weary,
He breaks them, and scatters them every one.

From the fires when the heart into on the white mass
Of his unbroken pitcher, till in summer's decay,
At night yellow pollen is shaken on the grass
And leaves the wood, still, he is busy and up.

I have it at all in his eyes while I say,
Yet ugly, as I see him a working so hard,
He looks at me and seems to know with my eye
He scarcely can smile attend on the yard.

My house does say to me, in the sunshine,
Your thoughts in a fashion so pained than,
I encourage I see in his brick-maker's boy
A type of the work and the wisdom of man.

## WRECKED UPON THE ROCKS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the fall of 1838, as I was passing down Lake Erie, from Sandusky City to Buffalo, I formed some acquaintance with an elderly gentleman, who was also a passenger. Mr. Warren, for so he gave me his name, had been one of the early adventurers in the western country, and especially along the lake shore; and finding me interested in matters pertaining to early times, he took out a little palm in pulling out his pocket-book. From the desk of the steamer, the different localities where important events had occurred connected with the early settlement of the country. With each locality he had a story to tell—either longer or shorter, as the case may be; but the most remarkable one of all, and which I am going to relate, occurred to him after I had left the steamer.

"Do you see that dark line, yonder?" he said, pointing to the distant shore.

"I see something," I replied, "that resembles a small cloud stretched along the horizon."

"Well, that, sir, is not literally a cloud, though it spread a cloud of sorrow over me.

As he said this, in a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, I looked up, and observed a tear stealing down his aged cheek.

"All my friend," he pursued, shaking his gray head solemnly, and gazing his hand across his eyes, "the sight of that dark spot [you'd better up a dark memory, and makes me weep as a child rather than as a man. It was a great many years ago!" he continued, "and I have since lived to experience a great many changes and reverses—have lived to see one friend after another snatched from me by narrow home—but the events of that awful day are as vividly in my recollection now, months and above all others, as if they had occurred but yesterday. Excuse me a few minutes, and I will tell you the story," he added; and turning away, he arose and himself, turned his face to the beach, and the cast again after his position till the dark line he referred to had passed from my view.

At length he looked up, as one starting from a dream; and having wiped his handkerchief with his coat, bright eye, he turned to me and requested me to take a seat beside him.

"That dark line I pointed out to you," he resumed—"and which, thank heaven! is now gone from my sight—is an island covered with a belt of rocks, of from sixty to eighty feet in height, upon the shore of which the aforementioned waves dash with wild fury, throwing a due white spray high into the air, and filling the listening ear with an almost deafening roar, not unlike the thunders of Niagara. I heard it once, and a dreadful requiem it ever the loved and lost, and heaven grant that I may never hear it again!"

Here he paused, as if overpowered with the recollection, brushed another tear from his eye, and once more resumed—

"It was many years ago—I need not tell you how many, for time counts not in the memory of those events that send the heart—it was many years ago, I say, that a small party of us started from the mother, sister, a younger brother, and a young and lovely maiden to whom I was engaged—embarked in a Canadian bateau at a point far down the lake with the intention of finishing the remainder of our long journey from the eastward by water, and joining a few friends who had gone before us, and settled just below the rapids of the river.

"For several days we had good sailing—the weather fair and the wind in our favor—in consequence of which our hearts became light and buoyant, for we felt that we were near our journey's end, and should soon be mingled with those sought. But who knows aught of the future?—who has a right to say that joy will not be turned into ill?—for in a single moment all his brightest hopes may be dashed beneath, and he be either overtaken by death, or by a calamity that shall make life a life-long misery?

"One day, with the most gloomy apprehensions—with a presentiment that I made no wrong—I left me a storm begin to gather, and I watched it with feelings of the most painful anxiety. It was not long in gathering, but loomed up quickly and fearfully, and, almost ere any one save me was aware of the danger, it burst upon us with fury.

"I had taken in sail, and prepared for it as well as I could, but in the fresh and nearly empired on the waves suddenly rose, and threw their spray completely over us, and we began to drift towards the dark line which I pointed out to you. All was now confusion and confusion on board, for all believed that we should soon go the bottom. I pretended to have a stout heart, and to laugh at their fears, and so quieted them in some degree. But to tell you the truth, I was fearfully alarmed myself; for the boat at once became unmanageable, and not rapidly toward the rocky shore, upon which the surge was now beating frightfully, and I felt that nothing short of an interposition of Providence could save us from being dashed to pieces.

"I spoke not of my fears, however, till I saw it was vain to hope—till I beheld the rocks looming up, black and fearful, immediately before us, the waves lashing them terrifically, throwing up their white spray, and rolling back with a crash which could be heard amid the howlings of the storm—and then I told my friends, shouting the words above the roarings of the tempest, that it was time to commend our souls to God, for we were about to pass the dread portals of eternity, and enter His awful presence.

"The scene that followed I may only describe as wild, fearful, terrible—each clinging to the other in the most painful distress, and all appealing to God for mercy. The painful and horrible suspense of waiting for death, while staring it in the face, was of short duration; we seemed but as a bubble on the crest of the angry waters, which were here to-day and there to-morrow; and, almost suddenly, while we all stood locked, as it were, in each other's embrace, we struck. There was a fearful crash—

"And shrieks
That seemed blended into one despairing cry—and the blinding waves rolled over us.

"We all went down clinging to each other, knotted as it were together, and while about in the seething waters, till at length, as we rose to the surface, seemingly large waves, and thrown violently upon the rocks, within hope of rescue.

"And thus I sat for hours, in a state of comparative stupefaction, the waves dashing over me, and deened lake, but with a kind of stony gaze that scarcely had expression in it.

"When I again turned to Mary, I found she had fainted, though how long she had been in that state I did not know. This is some measure recalled me to myself; and I began to chafe her limbs, calling upon her dear name in the silliest tones of despair. She did not revive immediately, and I had just begun to think that she had perished in my arms, when I saw signs of returning life, and redoubled my exertions. At last I had the joy of seeing her open her eyes, and of knowing that her senses had returned. She was faint—was sick—looked around her, and, scarcely comprehending what had occurred, asked for her absent friends.

"'They are gone, dear Mary,' said I, with a heavy heart; 'they will return to us no more; you are all that is left to me now; and may God in his mercy either preserve you, or take us both together to the land of spirits!'

"'Do you say so, Edward?' she faintly said; 'and am I to put my car close to catch the words'—and we must perish too—but we will perish together. We have no one to mourn for us—no one to weep over us—let us die at once, and join those who have gone before us!'

"'In God's own good time!' I rejoined. 'We have no right to take our lives by our own hands. His grace and mean take. It is our duty to be resigned to his will.'

"'But I cannot survive this!' she said; 'death is terrible—terrible! Can you not point to some lingering expense?'

"I encouraged her as well as one in my situation could; I repeated that while there was life there was hope; I said many things which I did not believe myself could think of, to persuade her to cling to life; and at last she seemed to be more composed, and to feel the awful reality of meeting with me for the coming death.

"Why should I prolong the sad and horrible scene? Why live over again in relation the agony I suffered? Suffice it to say that we were left alone by the awful close—the awful is set, and made those hours of dark loss seem to the very prime of manhood.

"Mary gradually dropped—grew faint for the last time—and, supporting her head upon my bosom, repeated droughings of the chilling waters; and at length the storm abated, and began to clear away; as, with the storm still unabated, I feebly but painfully knew that she should I still have the pain to live since—to be the last survivor of that once happy party.

"My feelings were awfully fulfilled! Another night set in—and prayed, oh God! the last to be! Another day dawned, and the world to love! I had gradually grown weak myself—so weak that I could no longer keep my head upon the rocks—to which I still clung with the instinct of life, and for little more than a day and night. Then I, too, was long since given up the attempt of preserving myself.

"But the end came. A larger wave than ever swept over us, and my feeble hold, dashed me against the rocks behind, and left me half-stunned and bleeding on its very verge of the abyss. I clung to it, and fell for Mary. Great Heaven! she was not there! she was gone! With a cry of agony I sprang off into the storm-maddened lake, determined to make no further effort for life. I had had enough of it—enough of the world to love! I had gradually grown weak myself—so weak that I could no longer keep my head upon the rocks—to which I still clung with the instinct of life, and for little more than a day and night. Then I, too, was long since given up the attempt of preserving myself.

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